



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

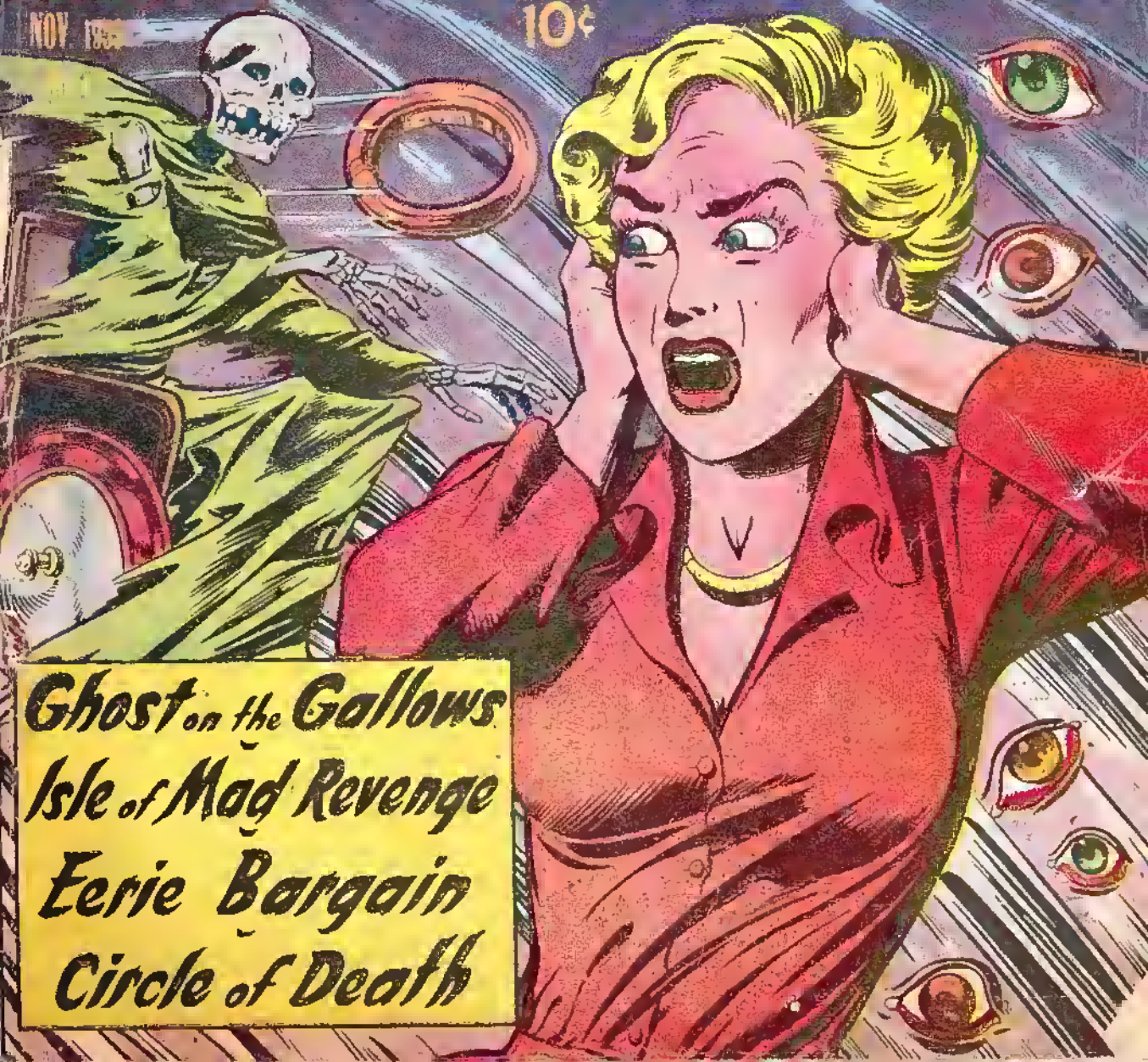
MYSTERIES

WEIRD and STRANGE

SUPERIOR
COMIC

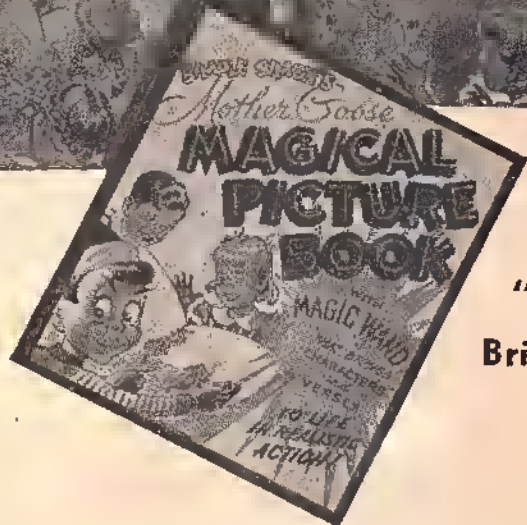
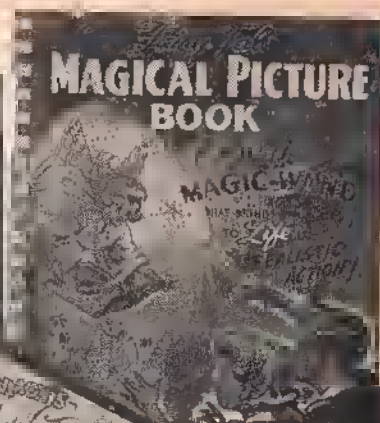
NOV 1955

10¢



Ghost on the Gallows
Isle of Mad Revenge
Eerie Bargain
Circle of Death

The BEST LOVED STORY BOOKS of all Time



**NEVER
ANYTHING
LIKE IT**

The
"MAGIC WAND"
Brings Mother Goose
to "Life"

DELIGHT the HEARTS of CHILDREN

PICTURE THIS HAPPY SCENE:

The child opens the Mother Goose **MAGICAL PICTURE BOOK** and squeals with delight — for this is indeed no ordinary child's book. The tot picks out a **MAGIC WAND** stick, which seems to be a part of the scenery. He "dials" the Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes — just as you would a telephone. **AND INCREDIBLE THINGS HAPPEN** . . . the cow jumps over the moon . . . Little Boy Blue blows his horn . . . Humpty Dumpty falls from the wall . . . The Cat and the Fiddle Laugh **TOGETHER** . . . Little Miss Muffet sits on a tuffet . . . The Crooked man walks down a crooked lane . . . Jill comes tumbling after Jack . . . all the beloved nursery rhymes that have been part of our A-B-C's for centuries **NOW BROUGHT TO "LIFE"** for the entertainment and education of every child.

Fairy Tale **MAGICAL PICTURE STORY BOOK** . . . with the **MAGIC WAND** that brings people and animals to life in realistic action. Jack and the Beanstalk —

only
\$1.39
Each
All 3
for \$4.

★
**The
Gift
Thrill
of a
life
Time**

The Big Old Giant . . . Aladdin and his Magic Lamp, the Magic Carpet, the Gingerbread House, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood and lots more.

THE BEST LOVED STORIES OF THE BIBLE AS JESUS TAUGHT. A visual progressive instruction. The little red staff will move the pages and give life-like action to Pictures.

A Thrill to GET, a Delight to GIVE

☐ **JOLOLA SALES LTD.,** Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
 In Canada: 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.
 Send me C.O.D. plus postage, Mother Goose
 Magical Picture Book ☐ Fairy Tale Magical
 Picture Book ☐ Best Loved Bible Stories ☐
 at \$1.39 each.
☐ Send all three books for \$4.00.
 Name
 Address
 City State
 Prov.
☐ If you remit in full with this coupon, we
 will pay all Delivery Charges.

JOLOLA SALES LTD.,—For Canada
2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.
In U.S.A. Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.

**SEND NO
MONEY!**

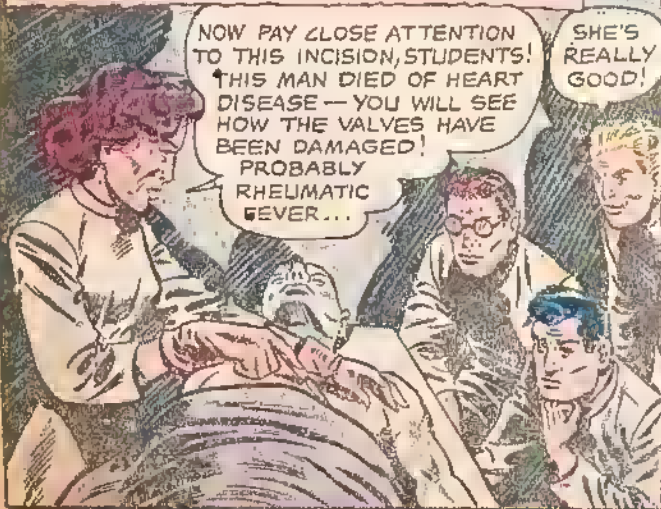
MYSTERIES, November, 1953, No. 4. Published bi-monthly by Randell Publishers Limited, 30 Strathearn Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Authorized as second-class matter June 29th, 1953, by the Post Office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Authorized as second-class matter at the Post Office Department at Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Subscription in the U.S.A. and Canada: 10 issues for \$1.00, single copies 10 cents. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in Canada.

Circle of Death

SHE HATED HER CRIPPLED HUSBAND AND WANTED HIM OUT OF THE WAY! AND SHE HAD JUST THE PLAN — SURE-FIRE, FOOLPROOF, THE PERFECT MURDER! WHEN IT CAME TO CUTTING UP A BODY, IRMA WAS A SPECIALIST WITH LOTS OF EXPERIENCE, BECAUSE USING A SCALPEL WAS HER JOB! BUT IRMA FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT THING, THAT SOMETIMES THE SIMPLEST THINGS CAN TRIP A KILLER, AND MURDER IS NEVER THE SAFEST OF OCCUPATIONS! SO, IN THE END, THE JOKE WAS ON IRMA AS FATE LAUGHS LAST...



DR. IRMA GRANT, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST SURGEONS, GIVES A LESSON IN ANATOMY...



NOW PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO THIS INCISION, STUDENTS! THIS MAN DIED OF HEART DISEASE — YOU WILL SEE HOW THE VALVES HAVE BEEN DAMAGED! PROBABLY RHEUMATIC FEVER...

SHE'S REALLY GOOD!

YOU SEE! JUST AS I SAID IT WOULD BE! NOW THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY — BE SURE YOU READ THE CHAPTER ON NEURAL IMPULSES FOR YOUR HOMEWORK! I'LL SEE YOU ALL TOMORROW!



SURE!

OKAY, DOC!

IRMA GRANT HAS A FEW IMPULSES OF HER OWN, AND ONE IS A SLIGHT TENDENCY TO MURDER...

HERE I AM, GOING HOME AGAIN, TO BOB, A MAN I HATE! I REALLY MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM!

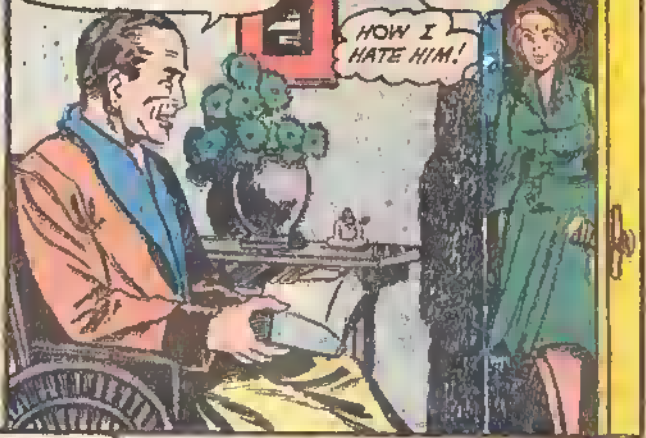


BOB GRANT LOVES HIS CLEVER WIFE, AND NEVER DREAMS THAT SHE HATES HIM...

HELLO, DARLING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH THIS OLD ALBUM!

HELLO, BOB! FEELING SENTIMENTAL AGAIN, EH?

HOW I HATE HIM!



REMEMBER THIS ONE, TAKEN ON OUR HONEYMOON? THAT WAS, ER, JUST BEFORE MY ACCIDENT! SEE—WE WERE ON THE LITTLE BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE!

YES! I REMEMBER, BUT LET'S NOT GET SLOPPY TONIGHT! ALL THAT IS OVER AND DONE WITH!



SEE, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

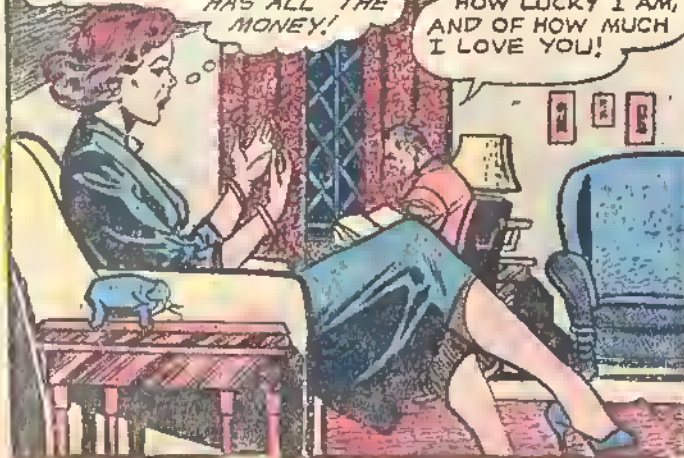
THAT RING ON HIS FINGER! EVERY TIME I SEE IT, I THINK I'LL GO MAD! LIKE A GOLDEN CHAIN BINDING ME TO A—A CRIPPLE!



A DOUBLE RING CEREMONY—AND I GOT DOUBLE-CROSSED! STUCK WITH AN INVALID FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE—AND HE HAS ALL THE MONEY!

I LIKE TO LOOK AT THESE OLD PICTURES, IRMA! REMINDS ME OF HOW LUCKY I AM, AND OF HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU!

SUDDENLY... I—I KNOW! NOW I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF HIM! IT'S SO SIMPLE—WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?



NOW IRMA IS COOL AND CALM, AS THOUGH SHE WERE ABOUT TO PERFORM AN OPERATION. IN A SENSE SHE IS...

BOB! DO YOU SEE THIS POKER? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH IT?

THE P-POKER? IRMA, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

THE FRIGHTENED MAN STARTS FOR THE DOOR IN HIS CHAIR...

I—I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I'M AFRAID OF YOU, IRMA! YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF!

HAH—HAH! YOU'RE WRONG! I'M JUST BEGINNING TO BE MYSELF!

SHE GETS BETWEEN HIM AND THE DOOR...

YES, AT LAST I CAN BE MYSELF! I CAN TELL YOU HOW MUCH I HATE YOU!

H—HATE ME! B—BUT YOU LOVE ME—I'M YOUR HUSBAND!

YOU—A HUSBAND! IN THAT WHEEL-CHAIR? HAH—I'M GOING TO GET RID OF YOU, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW! I'LL KILL YOU AND PUT YOU WITH THE CADAVERS AT THE HOSPITAL!

THEY'LL CUT YOU UP—COMPLETELY. NEAT, EH?

N—NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! PLEASE!

YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, IRMA! THEY'LL KNOW! I'LL FIX IT SO THEY'LL KNOW! I PROMISE YOU THAT! AAAA—DON'T...



YOU'LL DO NOTHING! YOU'RE AS HELPLESS AS A BABY! AND NOW, AT LAST,

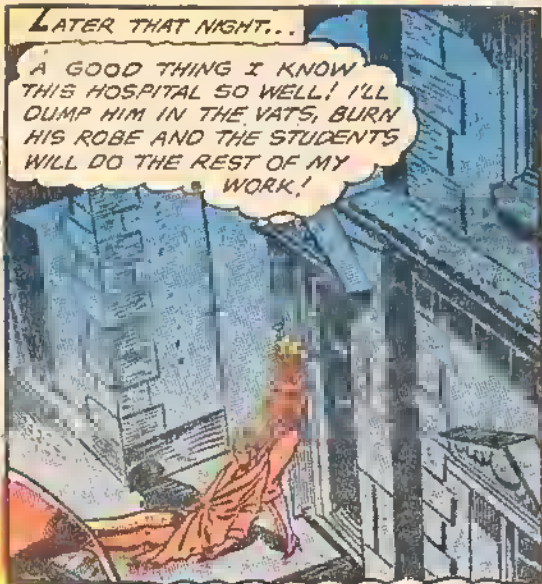
YIIIIIIIIII!

THERE! IT'S DONE. NOBODY WILL EVER RECOGNIZE HIM NOW! I'LL TELL OUR FRIENDS HE'S GONE AWAY, GONE TO A SANATORIUM FOR TREATMENT.

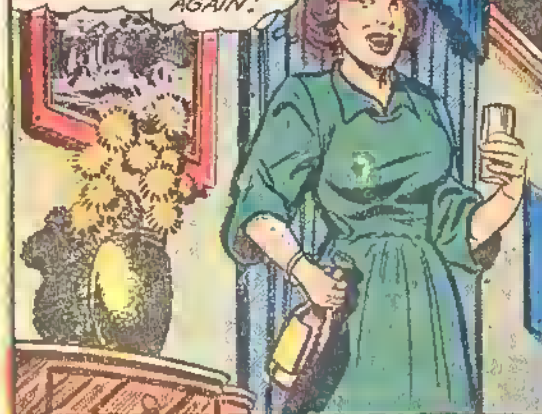


LATER THAT NIGHT...

A GOOD THING I KNOW THIS HOSPITAL SO WELL! I'LL DUMP HIM IN THE VATS, BURN HIS ROBE AND THE STUDENTS WILL DO THE REST OF MY WORK!



LATER... THANK GOODNESS IT'S OVER! I'M FREE OF HIM AT LAST! I'LL GET THE MONEY, AND AFTER A TIME, I MIGHT EVEN GET MARRIED AGAIN!



AS SHE PULLS BACK THE RUBBER SHEET...

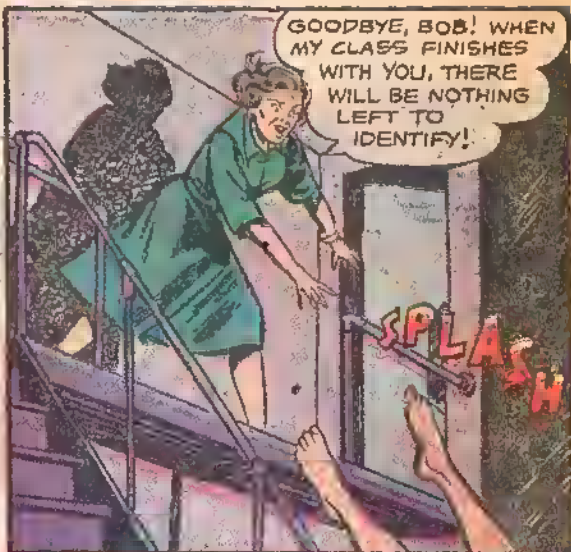
OH! IT'S BOB! I—I DIDN'T EXPECT HIS BODY SO SOON! WELL, MAYBE IT'S BEST AFTER ALL!

UGH—IT SURE DOES! THE POOR GUY'S FACE IS SMASHED BEYOND RECOGNITION!

HERE WE ARE! LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT CASE!



GOODBYE, BOB! WHEN MY CLASS FINISHES WITH YOU, THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT TO IDENTIFY!



NEXT DAY...

OKAY, CLASS, LET'S GET STARTED! HERE'S A BRAND NEW CADAVER FOR YOU TO WORK ON, AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE A COMPLETE DISSECTION! SO GET TO IT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO START!

SURE, DOC!

READY!



YES, I DID A GOOD JOB ON HIS FACE! NONE OF THE STUDENTS CAN RECOGNIZE HIM! BUT I WON'T REALLY FEEL SAFE UNTIL HE'S COMPLETELY DISSECTED! SO HERE GOES!



LOOK AT THEM! SO ANXIOUS, SO WILLING TO LEARN! AND ALL THE TIME THEY'RE HELPING ME GET AWAY WITH THE PERFECT MURDER! HAH—IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHO THAT CORPSE IS!

NO, NOT THERE! LIKE THIS!

SURE!

BUT THE PROPER DISSECTION OF A CORPSE IS SLOW WORK! TWO... DAYS PASS...

WHY DON'T THEY HURRY? THEY'RE ALL THUMBS! AND THIS IS STARTING TO GET ON MY NERVES! SEEING BOB'S BODY LIKE THAT...

ON THE THIRD DAY...

THEY'RE STILL AT IT! FOOLS! BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE AND I DON'T DARE DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THEM SUSPICIOUS! BUT IF ONLY THEY WOULD HURRY!

THEN...

TELEPHONE FOR YOU, MRS. GRANT! YOU CAN TAKE IT IN THE OFFICE!

HUH? OH, THANK YOU, JOE! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

IRMA ANSWERS THE PHONE— BUT WHEN SHE RETURNS, SHE SENSES SOMETHING WRONG...

WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU ALL STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK?

WE, ER, WE FOUND SOMETHING!

IN THE BODY!

WE FOUND THIS IN THE STOMACH, MRS. GRANT! A WEDDING RING—AND THERE IS ENGRAVING ON IT! IT SAYS: **BOB AND IRMA, JUNE 21, 1945!** WE THOUGHT MAYBE WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE! THIS RING IS JUST LIKE THE ONE YOU WEAR!

BOB! HE TRICKED ME! HE SWALLOWED HIS WEDDING RING!

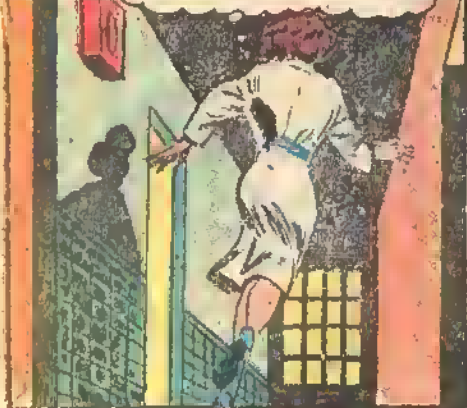
THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE SAID I COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! H—HE'S WON AFTER ALL! AND I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

DCC! MRS. GRANT COME BACK! THE POLICE WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

LET HER GO! SHE CAN'T GET FAR!

IRMA, IN A PANIC, RACES DOWN CORRIDOR AFTER CORRIDOR...

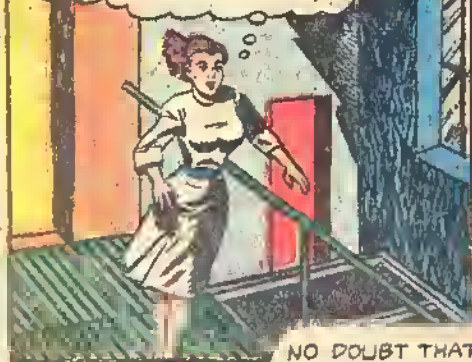
I WON'T BE CAUGHT, I WON'T! I COULDN'T STAND PRISON BEING EXECUTED! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE! THERE'S GOT TO BE!



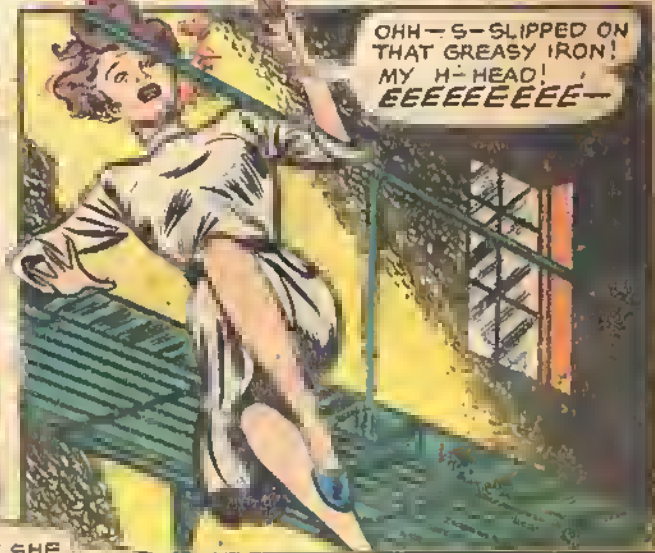
AAAAAAA—THE POLICE ALREADY! THEY'LL BLOCK ALL THE EXITS! I MUST THINK, I CAN'T LET MYSELF GET SO HYSTERICAL! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO ESCAPE!



I KNOW! THE VAT ROOM! THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING DOWN HERE AMONG THE CADAVERS FOR ME! THEY'LL THINK I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF THE HOSPITAL! LATER I CAN SNEAK OUT!



OHH—S—SLIPPED ON THAT GREASY IRON! MY H—HEAD! EEEEEEE—



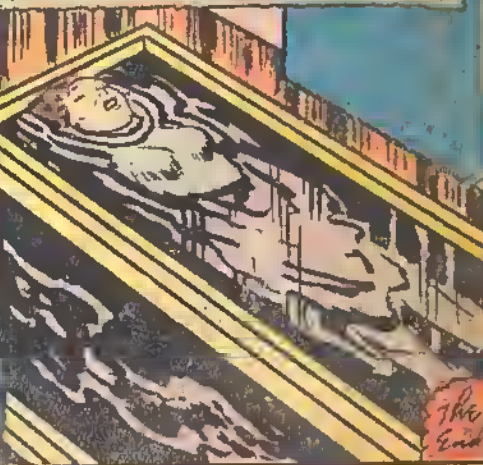
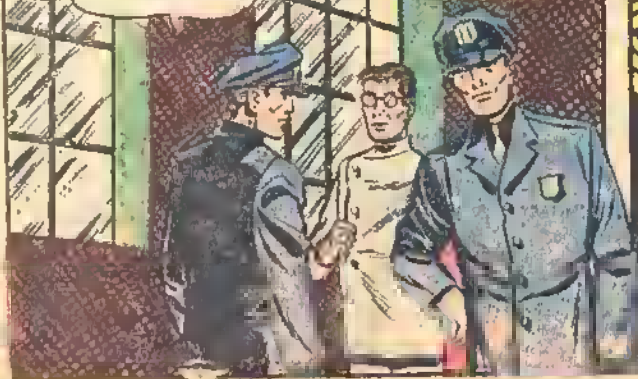
NO DOUBT THAT SHE MURDERED HER HUSBAND, I SUPPOSE! UGH— WHEN I THINK OF THE WAY WE CUT HIM UP...

HOURS LATER...

LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT AWAY, BUT I'M DARNED IF I SEE HOW! WE GOT HERE FAST, AND WE HAD EVERY EXIT COVERED!

WE'LL GET HER SOONER OR LATER!

YES, IRMA, THEY'LL FIND YOU SOONER OR LATER! YOU WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE, UNLESS FOR A SHORT RIDE TO THE DISSECTION ROOM...



The End

GHOST on the GALLOWES

HIS HEART WAS A ROTTEN APPLE, AND MAGGOTS OF EVIL CRAWLED IN HIS BRAIN — BUT NO ONE KNEW! HE MURDERED AND GOT AWAY WITH IT! BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE GHOSTS ALL OF THE TIME, AS YOUNG JASPER CRANDALL FOUND OUT! HE ALSO FOUND OUT ANOTHER GRUESOME FACT OF DEATH — WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GIVE A MAN ENOUGH ROPE...

EEEEAAHHHHHHHHHHHH



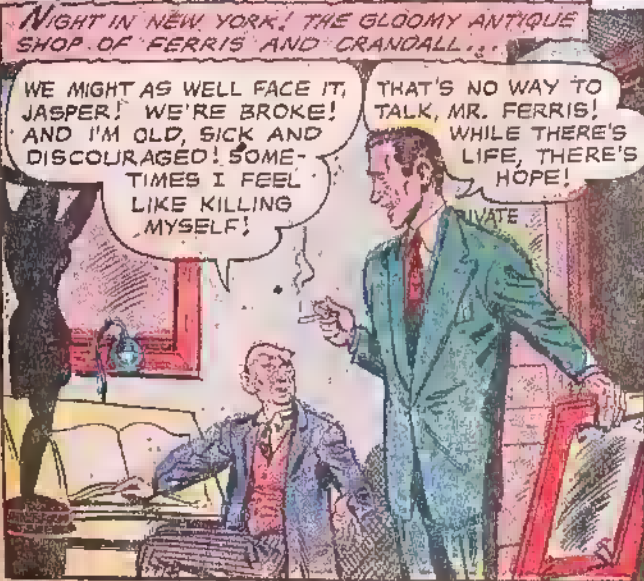
NIGHT IN NEW YORK! THE GLOOMY ANTIQUE SHOP OF FERRIS AND CRANDALL...

WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, JASPER! WE'RE BROKE! AND I'M OLD, SICK AND DISCOURAGED! SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE KILLING MYSELF!

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK, MR. FERRIS! WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE!

PRIVATE

BUT IT'S AN IDEA, AT THAT, YOU OLD FOOL! THERE'S STILL ENOUGH MONEY LEFT — FOR ONE MAN! IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU!



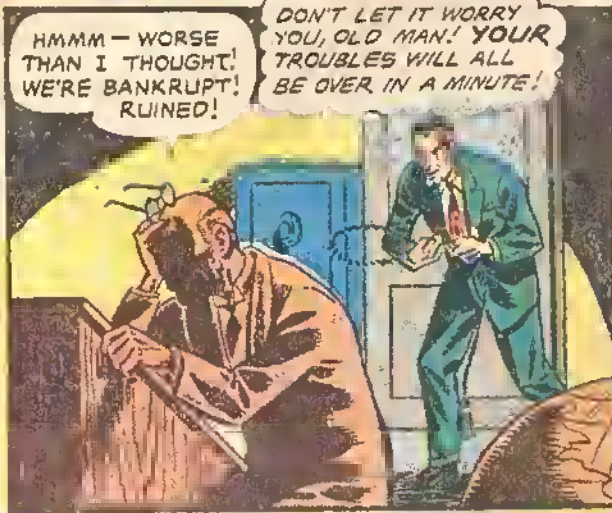


THE DEVIL HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.
SO... NEXT NIGHT...

AFTER —(CHUCKLE)— THINKING
IT OVER, I'VE DECIDED TO HELP
OLD FERRIS GET HIS WISH!
HE IS GOING TO COMMIT
SUICIDE!



THIS SHOULD DO IT! AND SINCE
HE'S TOLD EVERYONE HIS TROUBLES,
IT WILL ONLY LOOK NATURAL WHEN
HE —(HAH-HAH)— HANGS
HIMSELF!



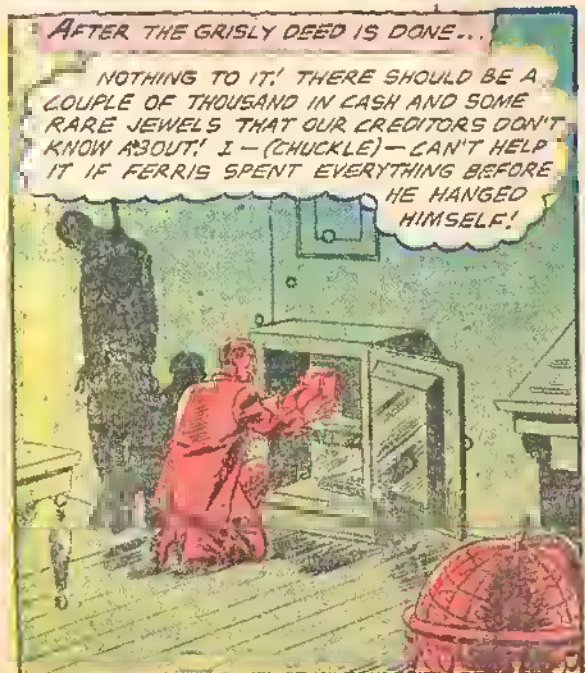
HMMM — WORSE
THAN I THOUGHT!
WE'RE BANKRUPT!
RUINED!

DON'T LET IT WORRY
YOU, OLD MAN! YOUR
TROUBLES WILL ALL
BE OVER IN A MINUTE!



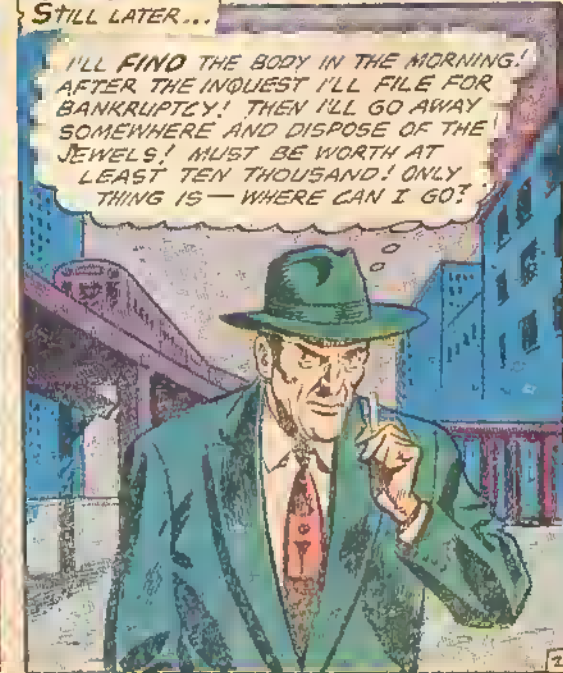
AHHRRRGGG—
UHHHHHGGG—

SORRY, OLD MAN,
BUT SOMETIMES
TWO IS A CROWD!
AND YOU'RE BETTER
OFF DEAD ANYWAY!



AFTER THE GRISLY DEED IS DONE...

NOTHING TO IT! THERE SHOULD BE A
COUPLE OF THOUSAND IN CASH AND SOME
RARE JEWELS THAT OUR CREDITORS DON'T
KNOW ABOUT! I —(CHUCKLE)— CAN'T HELP
IT IF FERRIS SPENT EVERYTHING BEFORE
HE HANGED HIMSELF!



STILL LATER...

I'LL FIND THE BODY IN THE MORNING!
AFTER THE INQUEST I'LL FILE FOR
BANKRUPTCY! THEN I'LL GO AWAY
SOMEWHERE AND DISPOSE OF THE
JEWELS! MUST BE WORTH AT
LEAST TEN THOUSAND! ONLY
THING IS — WHERE CAN I GO?

AT THE INQUEST ALL GOES WELL...

GUESS WE WON'T NEED YOU ANY LONGER, MR. CRANDALL! YOU HEARD THE VERDICT—SUICIDE WHILE DESPONDENT!

THANKS, SERGEANT KOLB! THE POLICE HAVE BEEN VERY HELPFUL!

HAH-HAH! THEIR STUPIDITY HELPED ME COMMIT THE PERFECT MURDER!

LATER, ANOTHER OF CRANDALL'S PROBLEMS IS SOLVED...

WHAT A BREAK! UNCLE BASIL IS DEAD AT LAST! LEFT ME HIS OLD HOME IN ARKANSAS, TOO! A PERFECT SPOT TO LIE LOW FOR A TIME, JUST IN CASE THE COPS DO SMELL A RAT!

FUNNY THING ABOUT UNCLE! WE'RE THE ONLY ONES OF THE FAMILY LEFT ALIVE.— JUST ME NOW— BUT I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM OR HIS BRANCH OF THE CRANDALLS! WELL, HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME TO DIE!



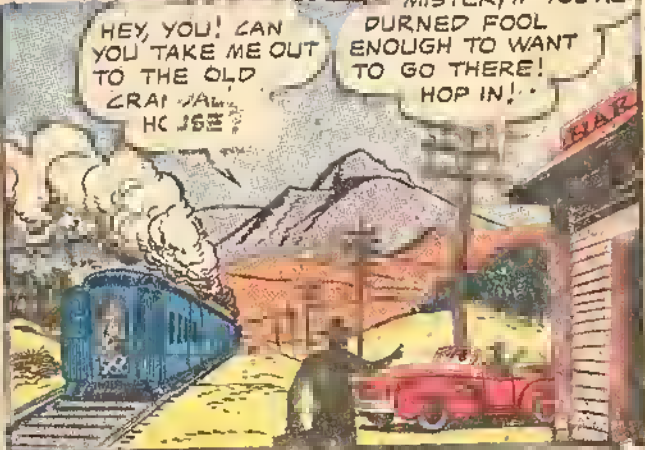
LATER, AS HIS TRAIN NEARS HIS DESTINATION...

WONDER WHY UNCLE LIVED IN FORSAKEN COUNTRY LIKE THIS? I'LL MISS THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, BUT AT LEAST IT'S A LONG WAY FROM NEW YORK AND THE COPS! AND I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE FOREVER!

SOON HE GETS OFF AT A DESOLATE LITTLE STATION...

HEY, YOU! CAN YOU TAKE ME OUT TO THE OLD CRAI... HC JSE?

RECKON I CAN, MISTER, IF YOU'RE DURNED FOOL ENOUGH TO WANT TO GO THERE! HOP IN!

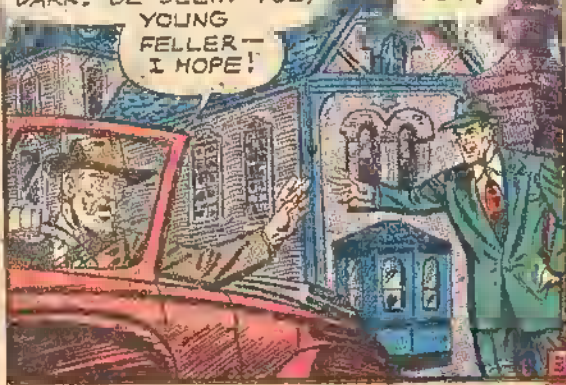
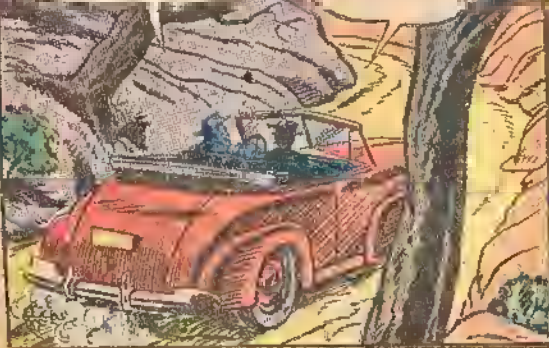


SO YER CRANDALL'S NEPHEW, HUH? AND YOU AIM TO STAY AT THE HOUSE? I DON'T ENVY YOU NONE, YOUNG FELLER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHY ARE YOU BEING SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT THE HOUSE?

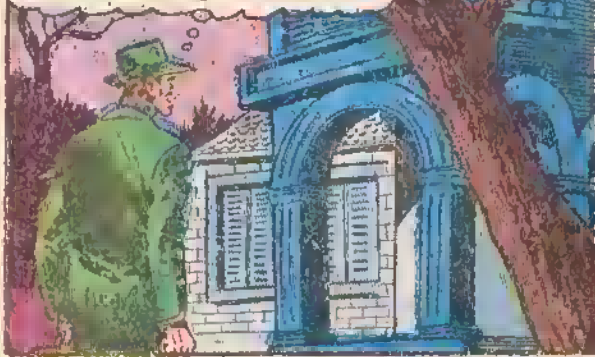
BUT... AIN'T GOT TIME TO TALK NOW! GETTING DARK, AND FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN AROUND HERE AFTER DARK! BE SEEN' YOU, YOUNG FELLER—I HOPE!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU FOOL! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? I DIDN'T EVEN FAY YOU!



EVEN CRANDALL HAS A SENSE OF GLOOMY FOREBODING AS HE APPROACHES THE RAMSHACKLE OLD MANOR HOUSE...

BRRR — I'M BEGINNING TO HATE THIS DUMP ALREADY! SOMETHING SPOOKY ABOUT IT — ONLY I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS! BUT I GUESS I CAN STAND IT A LITTLE WHILE!

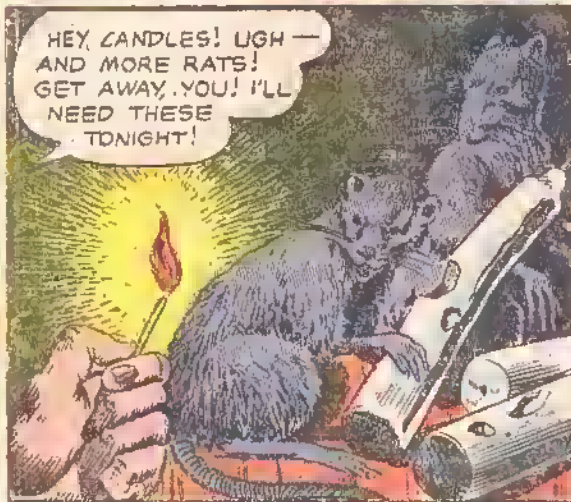


HE SOON MAKES A DISCONCERTING DISCOVERY...

THE ELECTRICITY IS TURNED OFF; BLAST IT! NOTHING BUT DUST, COBWEBS AND RATS! IF IT WASN'T SUCH A PERFECT PLACE TO LIE LOW FOR A TIME, I'D LEAVE, RIGHT NOW! BUT IT IS — SO I'LL MAKE THE BEST OF IT!



HEY, CANDLES! UGH — AND MORE RATS! GET AWAY, YOU! I'LL NEED THESE TONIGHT!



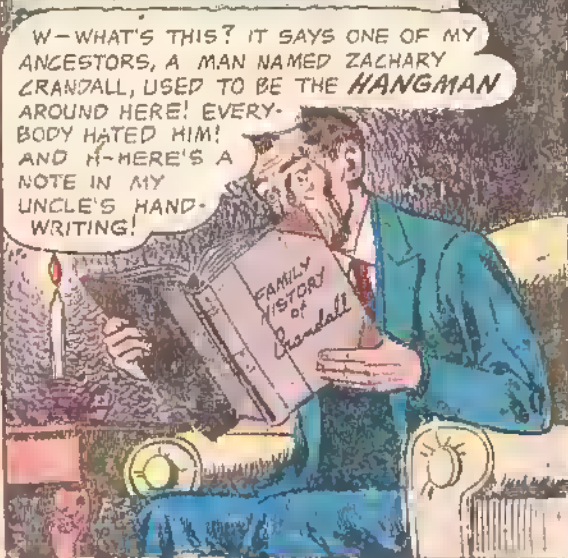
LATER, BY A ROARING FIRE, CRANDALL MAKES HIMSELF FAIRLY COMFORTABLE...

QUITE A COLLECTION OF BOOKS UNCLE HAD! THIS ONE IS A REAL LAUGH — A FAMILY HISTORY OF THE CRANDALLS! HAH-HAH! WONDER WHAT MY ANCESTORS WERE LIKE?



AND THEN CRANDALL READS SOMETHING THAT SENDS AN ICY SHIVER THROUGH HIM...

W-WHAT'S THIS? IT SAYS ONE OF MY ANCESTORS, A MAN NAMED ZACHARY CRANDALL, USED TO BE THE **HANGMAN** AROUND HERE! EVERYBODY HATED HIM! AND H-HERE'S A NOTE IN MY UNCLE'S HAND-WRITING!



AND THIS H-HOUSE IS BUILT RIGHT OVER THE SITE OF THE OLD GALLOWES!

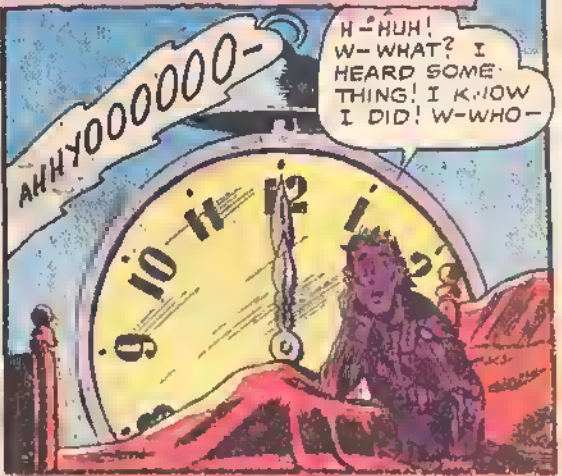


LATER, AS CRANDALL HUIDLES BETWEEN DARK SHEETS IN A MOULDY BEDROOM, HIS THOUGHTS RACE AROUND HIS BRAIN LIKE RATS IN A CAGE...

B-BLAST IT, WHY DID I READ THAT BOOK? I K-KEEP THINKING ABOUT H-HANGINGS! REMEMBERING H-HOW FERRIS LOOKED THAT NIGHT! IN A WAY I'M A H-HANGMAN, TOO!



AS THE HOUR OF TWELVE ARRIVES...



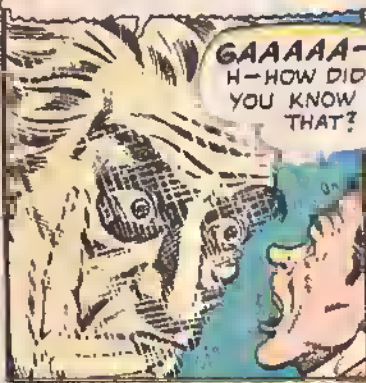
H-HUH! W-WHAT? I HEARD SOME THING! I KNOW I DID! W-WHO-

YOWWWW-
A G-GHOST!
EEEEGHHHH!



DO NOT FEAR ME! I ONLY COME TO WARN YOU, NOT TO HARM YOU!

LEAVE THIS PLACE! THIS GALLOWS' GROUND! HEE-HEE-HEE! THEY'LL HANG YOU, THE WAY THEY HANGED ME! I-HAH-HAH-WAS THE HANGMAN, BUT THEY HANGED ME, TOO! ON THIS VERY SPOT! AND YOU'RE A HANGMAN! I KNOW-I KNOW! EEE-HEE-HEEEE!



GAAAAA-
H-HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?

WE KNOW-WE KNOW EVERY THING! I'M THE GHOST OF THE HANGMAN, ZACHARY CRANDALL, AND I WARN YOU TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE! THIS HOUSE BUILT ON CURSED GALLOWS GROUND!



BUT AS THE GHOST OF OLD ZACHARY VANISHES, JASPER CRANDALL SEES SHADOWS CLOT AND FORM ON THE WALL! A CHILL WIND OF TERROR BLOWS DOWN HIS CRAVEY SPINE...

A STRANGE IMPULSE, LIKE A MAGNET OF FATE, DRAWS CRANDALL TOWARD THE WALL WHERE THE DREAD SHADOWS CAVORT...



EEEEAAAAA-
THE W-WALL!
S-SHADOWS! A
MAN-HANGING!

YOWWEEEE-



STOP IT! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME IN PEACE! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT SHADOWS, JUST SHADOWS! I KNOW I'M DREAMING, BUT I-(SOB)-CAN'T STAND IT! EEEEEAAAAAHHH-S-STOP THE HANGING!

MYSTERIES

SUDDENLY, LIKE THE TRAP IN A GALLOW, SOMETHING GIVES WAY AND CRANDALL FALLS...

EEEEHHHHHH—
F-FALLING! A
TRAPDOOR! THEY'RE
G-GOING TO H-HANG
ME! —

UNG GGGGGGGG—

INTO A STRANGE LAND WHERE BLACK SILENCE
BROODS AND TERROR RUNS THROUGH THE OBSCENE
LANDSCAPE LIKE A SLIMY RIVER...

H-HUH? WHAT H-HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I? I REMEMBER
FALLING, THINKING THEY WERE
HANGING ME, AND N-NOW...

SOON A DREADFUL SOUND
FALLS UPON HIS EARS...

THOSE PEOPLE! THEY'RE
ALL SHOUTING, CHEERING
ABOUT SOMETHING! ONLY
THEY DON'T S-SOUND
VERY H-HAPPY! THEY
SOUND—HORRIBLE!

YIIII— GET
ON WITH IT! —
KILL HIM! —
BLOOD—GIVE
US BLOOD!

THEN CRANDALL UNDERSTANDS...

NOW I KNOW! IT'S A
HANGING! THEY'RE GOING
TO HANG THAT MAN IN THE
CART! THAT'S
WHY THEY'RE SO
HAPPY! AND NOW,
SUDDENLY, I'M
HAPPY, TOO...

GNNWAAAAA—

I'M HAPPY, BECAUSE
I'M GOING TO HELP!
HAH-HAH-HAH! I'M A
HANGMAN NOW, A REAL
ONE! JUST LIKE MY
ANCESTOR! AHH-HAH-
HAH-HAH! OH-HO-HOHO!

STOP SPINNING,
YOU POOR FOOL!
I—(CHUCKLE)—
WANT TO SEE YOUR
FACE! HAH-HAH!
IT'S NO FUN TO
HANG A MAN UNLESS
YOU KNOW WHO IT IS
YOU'RE HANGING!
STOP, I SAY!

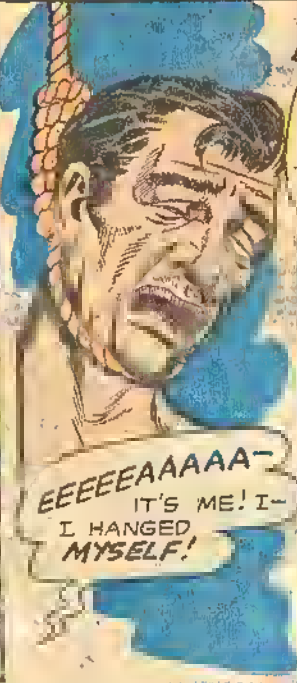
AS THE SLUBBERING CRANDALL STARES, HE SEES THE BODY SLOW AND JERK, RUNNING DOWN LIKE A DREADFUL CLOCK...

GOOD! FINE! I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE FACE IN A MINUTE NOW! I MUST KNOW WHO IT IS THAT I HANGED!

HERE STOPPING!



EEEEEEAAAAA— IT'S ME! I— I HANGED MYSELF!



AND THE TERRIBLE FIGURES CLOSE IN ON HIM...

YOWWWEEEEEE— LET ME GO! D-DON'T! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HANG MYSELF! GEEEEAAA—

HEH-HEH! (CACKLE)— "HANGED HIMSELF!" HAH-HAH— HANG HIM AGAIN— AGAIN!



UNTIL THE TRAPDOOR LOOMS AGAIN...

THE T-TRAPDOOR AGAIN! GOT TO GET OUT! THAT'S IT! IF I CAN CRAWL BACK THROUGH IT, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT—NOT DEAD, NOT HANGED! G-GOT TO CLIMB BACK TO LIFE!



THERE IS A THUMP AND JASPER CRANDALL, SWEATING IN AGONY, FINDS HIMSELF—ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIS BED...

OH— T-THANK GOODNESS! A DREAM! A HORRIBLE DREAM, BUT THAT'S ALL! B-BUT WAIT, SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH MY THROAT!



IN A NEW SWEAT OF TERROR, HE STUMBLES TOWARD A MIRROR...

MY THROAT IS ON FIRE! SO SORE, I CAN HARDLY SWALLOW! BUT WHAT, HOW? UNLESS I— BUT THAT'S CRAZY! IT WAS ONLY A NIGHTMARE!



THEN, IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT, CRANDALL SEES SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIS EVIL SOUL SCREAM...

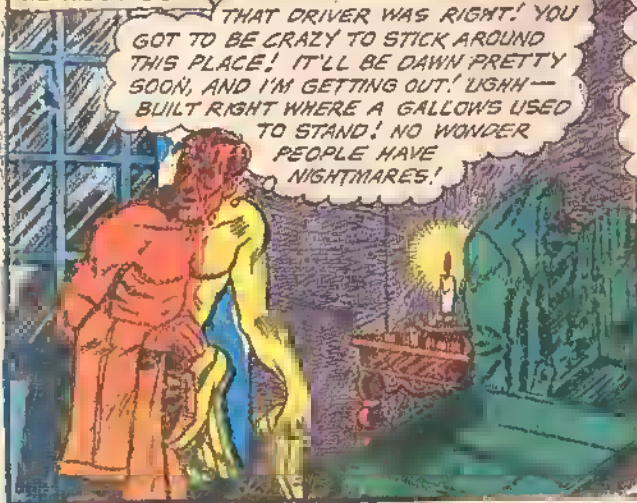
EEEEAYYYYYY— THE MARK OF THE ROPE!



CRINGING WITH TERROR, CRANDALL KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...

THAT DRIVER WAS RIGHT! YOU GOT TO BE CRAZY TO STICK AROUND THIS PLACE! IT'LL BE DAWN PRETTY SOON, AND I'M GETTING OUT! UGH—BUILT RIGHT WHERE A GALLOW'S USED TO STAND! NO WONDER PEOPLE HAVE NIGHTMARES!

AND WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I EVEN GOT THE ROPE MARK TO SHOW FOR IT! DREAMING THAT I HANGED MYSELF! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST, OR I'LL GO NUTS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A RADIO ANNOUNCER IS MAKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT GREATLY CONCERNS CRANDALL...

WE INTERRUPT TO BRING YOU THIS IMPORTANT BULLETIN! FLASH—THE FIRST CYCLONE OF THE SEASON STRUCK WESTERN ARKANSAS TODAY! BE ON THE ALERT! THE WEATHER BUREAU AT LITTLE ROCK ADVISES THAT THIS IS A DANGEROUS TWISTER AND...

WHILE BACK IN THE FEAR-HAUNTED MANSION...

GAH—A C-CYCLONE! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THEM IN THIS COUNTRY! L-LOOKS LIKE I'M STUCK IN THIS CURSED PLACE FOR A TIME YET! BUT AT LEAST THE DAY IS COMING!



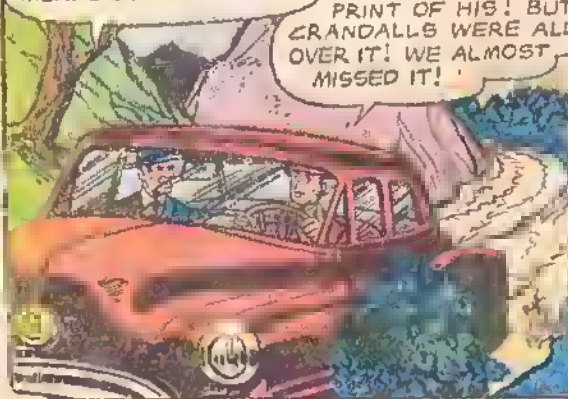
AND WITH THE DAWN'S COMING IS ALSO—DETECTIVE SERGEANT KOLB AND A FRIEND...

WE'RE GLAD TO COOPERATE, SERGEANT! HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO NAIL THIS CRANDALL CHARACTER FOR THAT MURDER IN NEW YORK?

FUNNY THING! THE CORD THAT FERRIS WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE USED TO HANG HIMSELF, DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE FINGER-PRINT OF HIS! BUT CRANDALLS WERE ALL OVER IT! WE ALMOST MISSED IT!

YIII—GET THAT WIND! A CYCLONE MUST HAVE BLOWN UP!

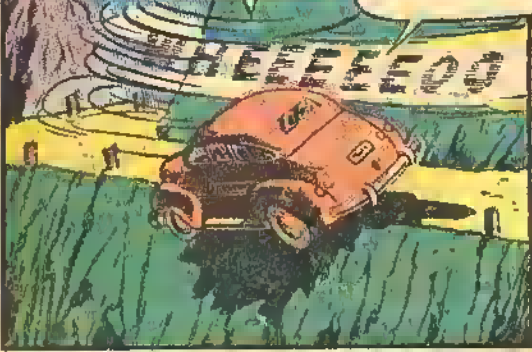
WATCH IT, MAN! THE WIND—BLOWING US TOWARD THE EDGE!



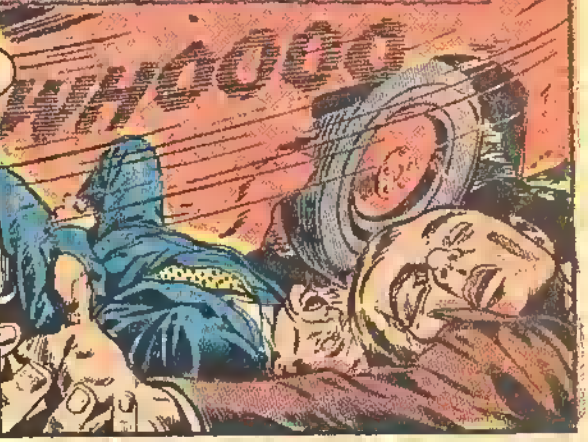
LIKE A GIANT FIST, THE WIND PUNCHES
THE CAR OVER THE CLIFF...

EEEEYYAAAAA-

GAAAAA-
BE - K-KILLED!

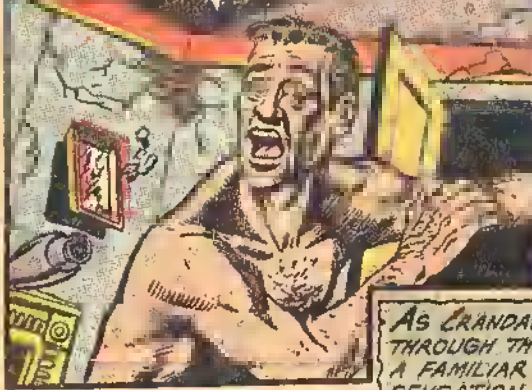


AND HOWLS IN DEMONIC LAUGHTER...



THEN GOES SHRIEKING DOWN THE ROAD
TO WHERE A MURDERER TREMBLES...

AAAAHHHHH - THIS WIND!
HORRIBLE! G-GOING TO BLOW
THE HOUSE AWAY! I'LL BE
KILLED! HELP! YIIIIIIIIII -



THE CELLAR! OF COURSE, I'LL
BE SAFE IN THE CELLAR! IF
ONLY I CAN GET THERE IN TIME-
THE H-HOUSE IS GOING!
MUST H-HURRY!

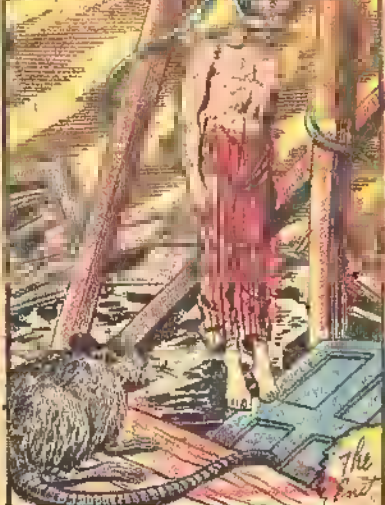
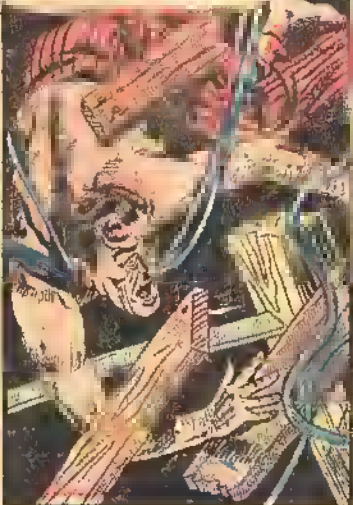


AS CRANDALL FALLS SCREAMING
THROUGH THE FLOOR, HE FEELS
A FAMILIAR AND HORRIBLE
SENSATION...

AAAAAA - MY THROAT!
S-SOMETHING AROUND MY
NECK - STRANGLING M-ME!
WIRES! ELECTRIC LIGHT
WIRES! GUHHH -



WHEN THE STORM PASSED,
ONLY THREE BEAMS WERE
LEFT UPRIGHT - THREE
VERY ODDLY SHAPED
BEAMS! THEY FORMED
A GALLOWS,
HEAVY WITH
ITS EVIL
FRUIT...





FATAL BETRAYAL



By JOHN MARTIN

OVER THE wine glass, Paul Edmond glanced at his friend Alain Stoddard. He shook his head despairingly.

"I'd rather marry a snake than Joyce Fabreau," he said slowly.

"I don't intend marrying her at all," Stoddard said, smiling. Then he frowned. "But look, Paul, I don't understand. What's wrong with her?"

Edmond stared pensively into his wine.

"She's probably the most dangerous woman in the city," he said.

"Dangerous?"

"Deadly." Edmond's voice had the dull ring of iron. "I wouldn't fool with her, Alain. She's deadly when she's crossed." He frowned. "The trouble is she's weird," he faltered.

"Weird?" Stoddard's voice was full of scornful humor. "There's nothing weird about Joyce. She's one of the most charming . . ."

"The eye of a reptile can charm," Edmond interrupted. "It can paralyze—and kill." He broke off again, seeming to remember something and then he shuddered. "—lived for years in Haiti, you know."

"You're not suggesting she's some kind of zombi, are you?" Stoddard joshed. He laughed loudly. "Or maybe a witch? Perhaps I ought to ask to see her witch's diploma. Maybe you get one automatically after living a number of years in Haiti!" Again he laughed.

But Paul Edmond didn't smile.

"You said she was dangerous, deadly," Stoddard said. "Woman is traditionally the deadly sex. But Joyce Fabreau! What's wrong with her? She's cultured, quiet. I'll grant you she's nothing much to look at, but . . ."

"A woman scorned. . . ." Edmond interrupted, musing.

"Scorned?" Alain Stoddard glanced at him quizzically.

"There were three men interested in her at one time or another. Interested more in her money, probably. Somehow, I think, she found them out."

"So?"

Paul Edmond downed his wine and shivered.

"They all disappeared," he said.

"Disappeared? You say it as though you meant they were dead." Stoddard sat bolt upright in his chair. "But if they died, then Joyce is a murderer." He paused. "Paul, this is nonsense! She's never been tried for murder!"

Paul Edmond nodded.

"I didn't say they were dead," he said. "I don't even know if they are."

EDMOND SHOT a narrow glance at Alain Stoddard. "I just said they disappeared. One after the other. No one's seen them since. And the one common factor among the three was that they had their eyes on Joyce Fabreau's money." He chuckled hollowly. "One was a rich man, who wanted more. One was a poor man who wanted to be rich. And the third was a beggar with his eyes on the stars . . ."

"The trouble was," he continued, "that all three wanted her money. And somehow she found out." He picked up his coat, put it on. "Thanks for the wine, Alain," he said. "And take my advice. Drop Joyce Fabreau." He paused. "She's poison, pure poison."

Poor Paul, Alain Stoddard thought, as the door of Stoddard's apartment closed behind Paul Edmond. He was wide of the mark. It wasn't Joyce Fabreau's money he wanted. To get that he would have to marry her. And marrying a woman without any looks at all was too high a price to pay for cheap comforts.

But her jewels. . .

It had been easy to flatter the love-starved woman, gain her confidence by promises. He had, of course, lied to Paul, for marriage he had already promised to Joyce Fabreau. And, in return for promises—the key to her apartment. It rested in his pocket.

And now an end to poverty, to shabby clothes. His plans were made. His passport was in order. Tonight he'd burgle her apartment as she lay sleeping. By morning he'd be far out over the Atlantic, on his way

to Holland. And in Amsterdam there were men who paid great sums for diamonds, rubies, emeralds.

Swiftly, he dressed, an odd little jingle running through his mind: Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. The first three had paid court to Joyce Fabreau—and, unaccountably, vanished. He wondered where. Very likely just gossip, he decided.

And now there would be the fourth. Himself—the thief. He smiled as he put on his hornburg hat, closed the apartment door behind him.

OUTSIDE, Stoddard hailed a taxi, gave Joyce Fabreau's address. She'd be asleep now, he knew. But he would achieve his objective, of that he was certain. All he had to do was turn a small key in a lock, enter her bedroom and extract her jewels from the jewel case on her dresser. Of course, gaining the bedroom would mean passing through the long foyer hall that held the Haitian wood sculptures and paintings she had brought back from Haiti, finally the room that held her collection of dolls. It was a weird, unsettling place, he remembered, a little macabre. He shrugged.

The taxi left him off in front of the two-story house Joyce occupied just off the park. He glanced at his watch as he took out the doorkey. The tree-shaded street reflected no noise. Softly the key turned in the lock. An instant later, the door closed behind him and he stood there, breathing heavily, listening for the slightest noise.

Then he hurried down the foyer hall toward the stairs and her bedroom. The huge Haitian idols lining the hall gaped, grinning mirthless laughter.

Past the room with the dolls he could see the open door of her bedroom. He paused, hesitating in the eerie, shadow-lit half-light of the hall.

And then he stepped into Joyce Fabreau's boudoir.

Her regular, even breathing told him she was asleep. On a huge, carved dresser he saw the jewel-box gleaming. Just a few feet more now, he thought, and everything he'd ever wanted would be his.

"Damn!" his outcry was involuntary. He had stumbled against a large brass gong constructed in the shape of a death's head. Its soft, muffled sound reverberated like a hammer of doom. At the dresser, he reached for the jewel-box.

"Alain . . . ?" It was her voice, suddenly, sleepy, questing.

STODDARD whirled, one hand thrusting necklaces and rings quickly into his pocket. Then blood suffused his cheeks as a light snapped on and he saw her lying there, looking at him, her lips trembling.

"Everything you promised me—lies," she began. "All you wanted was my jewels—not my love." Her voice broke.

"I'll have to tie you up now—you know that, don't you?" he said, and crammed the last of the jewels into his pockets. "I'm sorry, very sorry, Joyce. Believe me, the last thing in the world I'd wanted was to really hurt you."

"One last drink, then, Alain," she said, getting up and going to a decanter. She poured something from a decanter. "Here's luck, Alain!"

He tossed off the drink quickly, then he looked at her, surprised.

"It was your toast—but you're not drinking!"

The dark pools of her eyes glittered sardonically as he picked up the cord from her houserobe to tie her with. He took a step toward her, faltered. A sharp pain shot through his body—all of it.

"Drugged—you've drugged me!" he muttered thickly, in fright.

"There were others, Alain, as foolish as you. All three betrayed me. I'd hoped you wouldn't. But now you'll join them."

"Join them?" His legs were buckling beneath him. He could feel that his heart-beat had stopped—and yet he lived.

"In Haiti, the mameloi women know how to punish enemies who betray them!" She gestured toward the room of the doll collection. "With a swift poison and spells to contract a body to doll-size!"

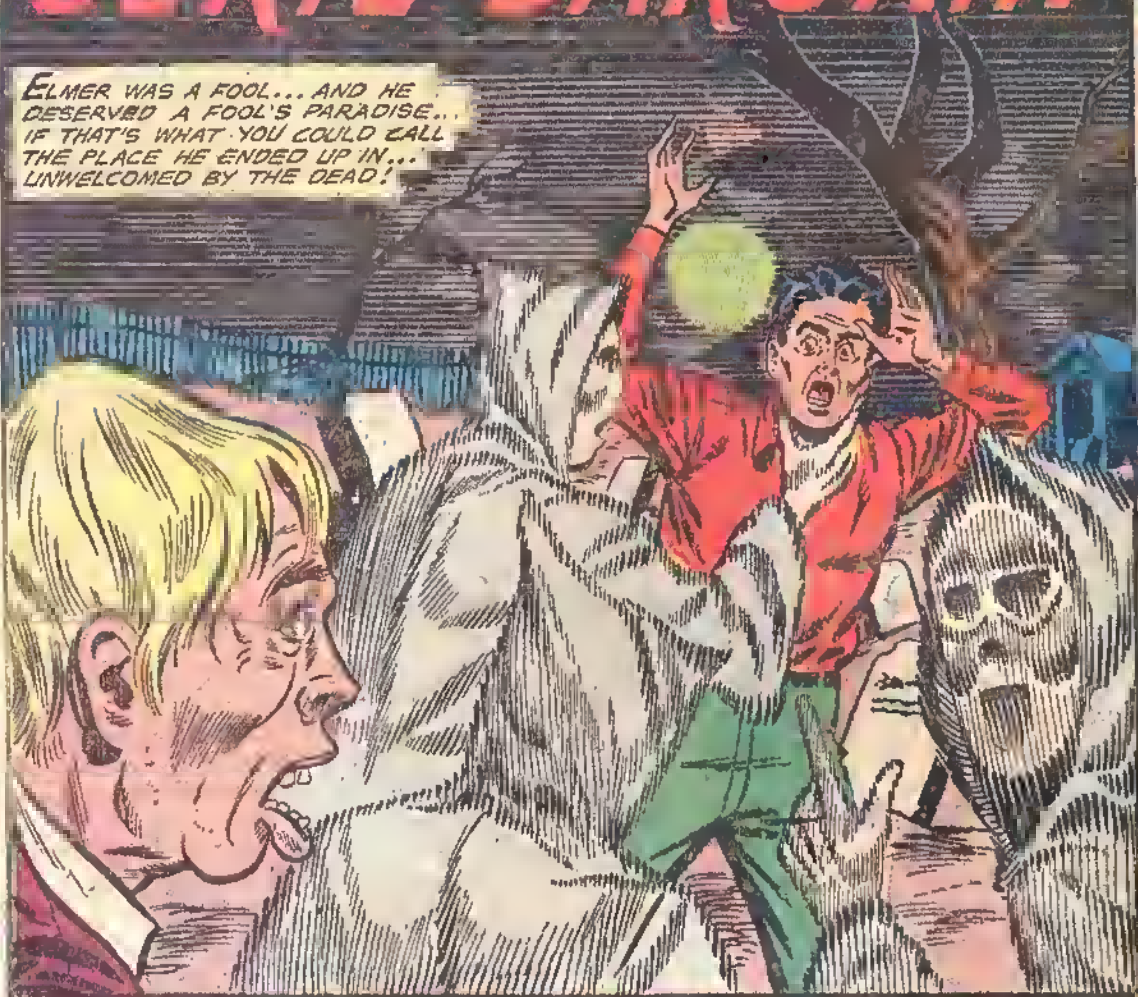
In agony, paralyzed, his bones cracking, he felt his body shrink. Now she towered over him like a giant. The room was an enormous cave over his head. In his eyes was the hope for death, quick death. Death would defeat her yet, he knew, rob her of her full revenge.

"You won't escape, Alain," she said. She pointed to the dolls, to the rich man; to the poor man; to the beggarman. "They can hear us; Alain, see us; they can feel the pain they died in. In their doll bodies their souls live, as will yours, to feel my hatred, to remember regrets—to experience the agony that will endure forever!"

And muttering spells, she picked up the tiny doll that had been Alain Stoddard and put it in its place beside the others.

EERIE BARGAIN

ELMER WAS A FOOL... AND HE DESERVED A FOOL'S PARADISE... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL THE PLACE HE ENDED UP IN... UNWELCOMED BY THE DEAD!

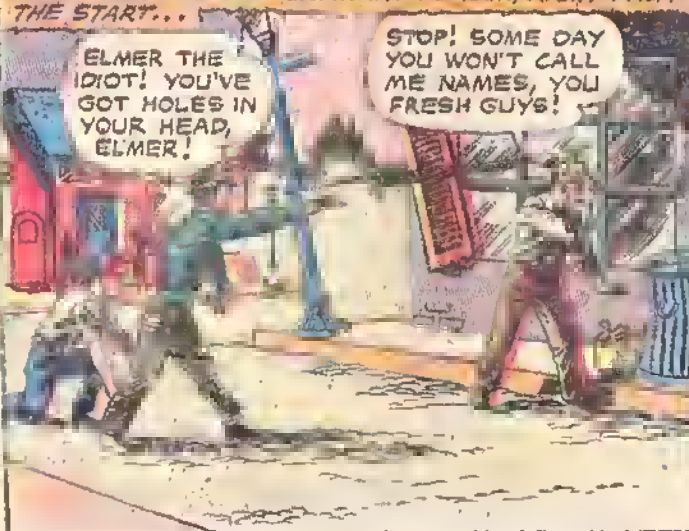


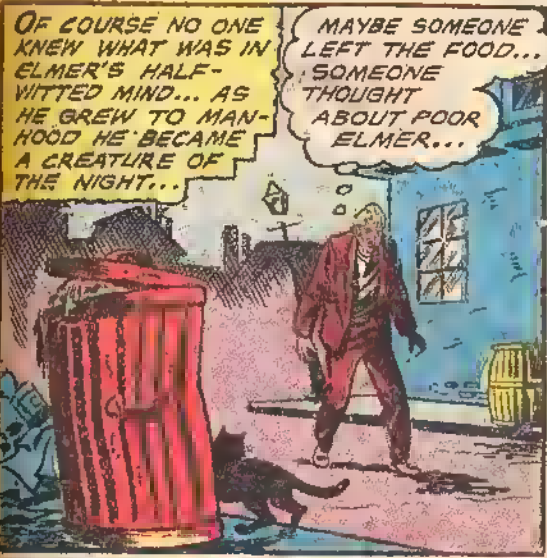
THIS NAME WAS ELMER, AND HE NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE AN ORDINARY PERSON, RIGHT FROM THE START...

ELMER THE IDIOT! YOU'VE GOT HOLES IN YOUR HEAD, ELMER!

STOP! SOME DAY YOU WON'T CALL ME NAMES, YOU FRESH GUYS!

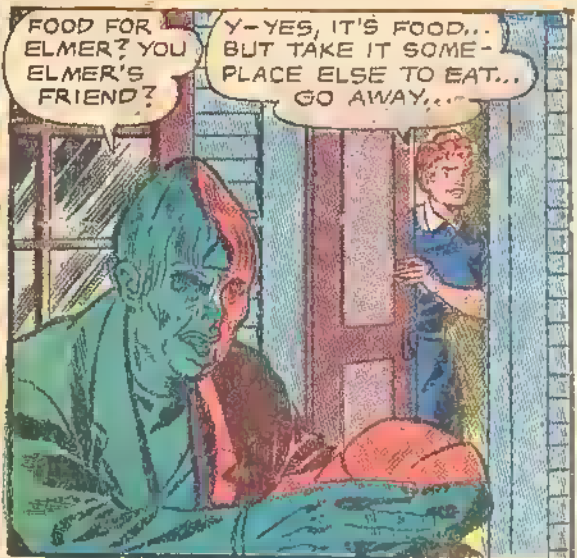
I MAY BE AN IDIOT, BUT WHEN I GET EVEN WITH THE PEOPLE IN THIS VILLAGE, THEY'LL KNOW HOW IMPORTANT I REALLY AM! I'LL SHOW 'EM.





OF COURSE NO ONE KNEW WHAT WAS IN ELMER'S HALF-WITTED MIND... AS HE GREW TO MANHOOD HE BECAME A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT...

MAYBE SOMEONE LEFT THE FOOD... SOMEONE THOUGHT ABOUT POOR ELMER...



FOOD FOR ELMER? YOU ELMER'S FRIEND?

Y-YES, IT'S FOOD... BUT TAKE IT SOME-PLACE ELSE TO EAT... GO AWAY...



HAM! SHE'S AFRAID! I WOULD MAKE HER MY FRIEND IF SHE WOULD LIKE... BUT SHE'S AFRAID!



GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU MORON! THIS IS NO PUBLIC PARK! HURRY! OR I'LL BLAST YOU...

DON'T YOU SHOOT ELMER! I HATE YOU! I HATE ALL OF YOU!



WHY ARE THEY ALL AFRAID? CHASE ME AWAY ALL THE TIME! 'FRAID LIKE FIELD MICE!



... BUT ELMER ISN'T AFRAID! I'LL SHOW THEM HOW BRAVE ELMER IS... BUT THEY'LL BE SORRY! THEY'LL ALL WANT TO BE MY FRIENDS THEN!

ELMER COULDN'T THINK OF JUST HOW TO MAKE THE VILLAGERS WANT TO BE HIS FRIENDS... BUT HE DID MANAGE TO FIND PEOPLE WHO WEREN'T AFRAID OF HIM... IN THE GRAVEYARD... FOR ELMER HAD OBTAINED THE LOATHSOME JOB OF A NIGHT CARETAKER IN A LOCAL CEMETERY...



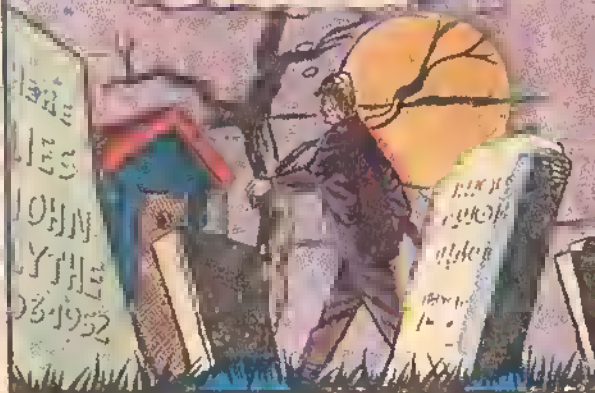
POOR ELMER... NO ONE HOLLERING AT HIM. JUST THE WIND... IS THE WIND LONELY, TOO? MAYBE THE WIND IS MY FRIEND...



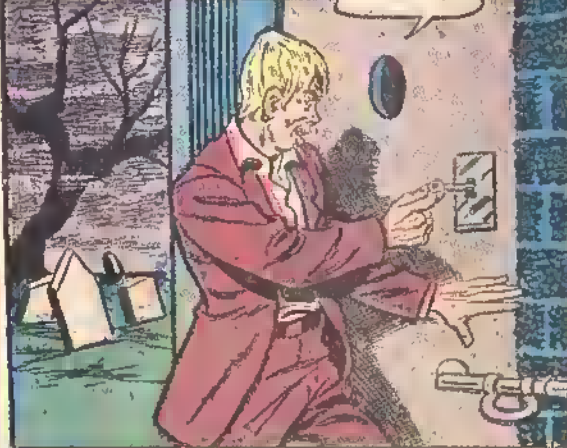
NO... THE WIND ISN'T REAL... I'M GOING TO HAVE REAL FRIENDS! I KNOW WHERE THEY STAY! I'LL GO AND VISIT THEM RIGHT NOW...



MAYBE MY FRIENDS WILL PUNISH THE VILLAGERS FOR BEING SO MEAN TO ME! I'LL TELL ALL OF THEM POOR ELMER'S TROUBLES AND THEY'LL HELP ME...



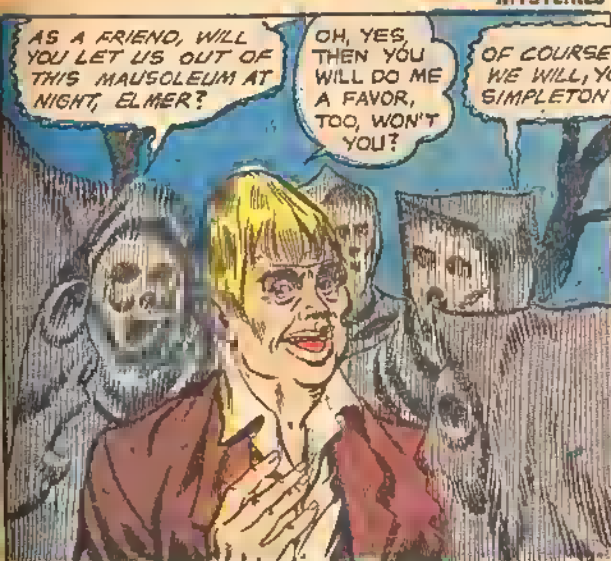
NO ONE KNOWS MY FRIENDS ARE IN HERE! IT'S ELMER'S SECRET! MY SECRET FRIENDS NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT! THEY'LL BE SURPRISED EVEN I KNOW ABOUT THEM!



I'M ELMER, THE IDIOT! I HEAR YOU MOANING AT NIGHT... I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

IF HE WANTS TO BE OUR FRIEND! LET HIM! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT WE CAN USE SOMEONE WHO FAVORS US!





AS A FRIEND, WILL YOU LET US OUT OF THIS MAUSOLEUM AT NIGHT, ELMER?

OH, YES THEN YOU WILL DO ME A FAVOR, TOO, WON'T YOU?

OF COURSE WE WILL, YOU SIMPLETON!



BUT ELMER WON'T HELP YOU IF YOU DON'T HELP ELMER! THAT IS FAIR...

HELP YOU? WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF US?



I HAVE TO THINK FIRST... YOU CAN GO OUT FOR TONIGHT... BUT HURRY BACK... I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU IN THE MAUSOLEUM BEFORE DAWN... OR THEY MIGHT BEAT ME...

FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS, ELMER KEPT HIS WORD WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS... UNTIL HE FINALLY DECIDED HOW TO PUNISH THE HATEFUL VILLAGERS... THEN HE TOLD OF HIS DEMANDS, AND MADE AN EERIE BARGAIN...



THERE! HE CHASED ME AWAY FROM HIS HOUSE... PUNISH HIM... KILL HIM!

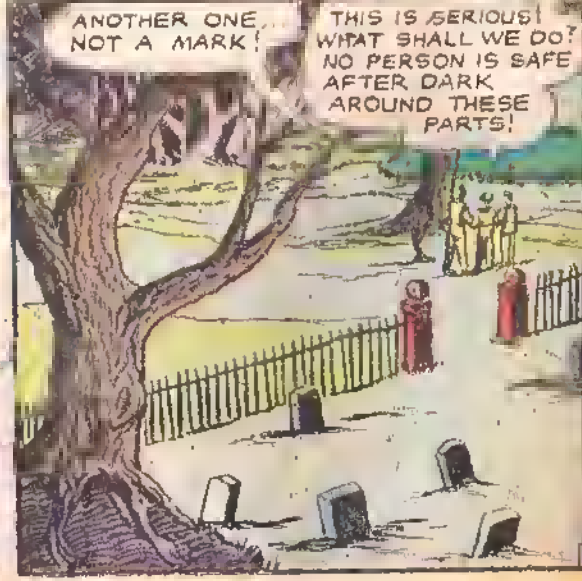
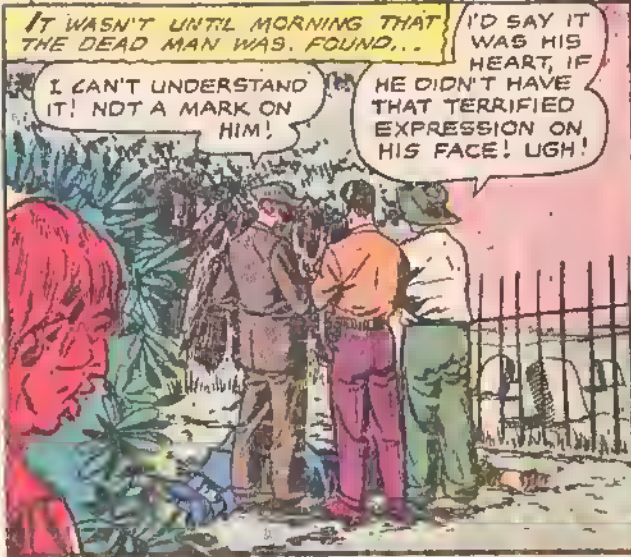
A PLEASURE... FOR US, THAT IS! YOU'RE NOT SUCH AN IDIOT AFTER ALL, ELMER...



I'D SWEAR I HEARD MUMBLING... NO DOUBT THAT FOOL ELMER TALKING TO HIMSELF WHILE HE GUARDS THE DEAD! HE OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP AS A PUBLIC NUISANCE!



G-GHOSTS! NO... IT CAN'T BE... IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION... NO...NO... HELP!

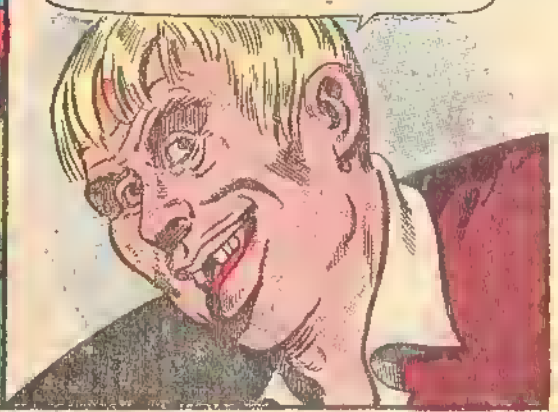


ELMER FELT A NEW POWER... AND HE BECAME A NEW ELMER...

WE'LL WAIT FOREVER! SOMEONE HAS TO PASS HERE, AND WHEN THEY DO... KILL!

HOW ABOUT US?

YOU... ELMER WILL LOCK YOU IN THE MAUSOLEUM FOREVER IF YOU DON'T DO AS HE ASKS! YOUR FREEDOM WILL BE GONE... YOU **MUST** DO AS HE SAYS TO GET WHAT YOU WANT MOST... FREEDOM DURING THE NIGHT...

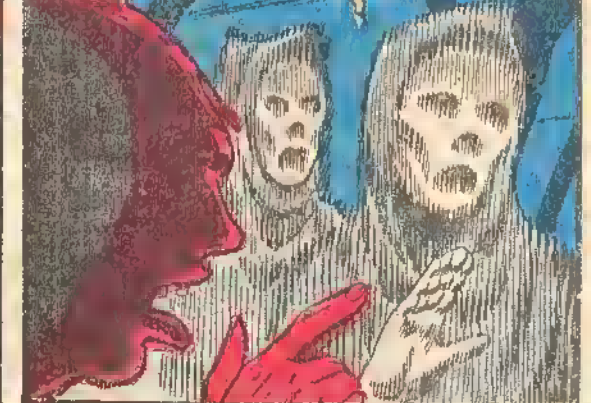
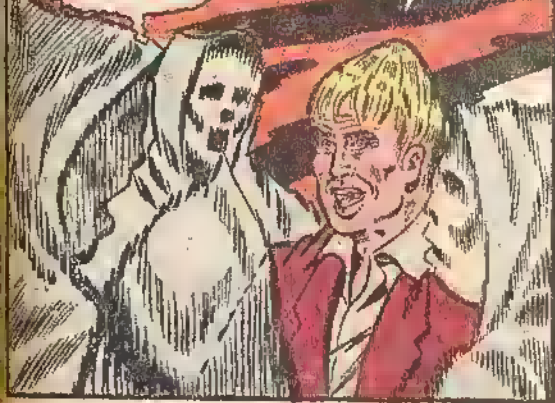


WE HAVE PRIVATE DUTIES WITH THE LIVING, BUT YOU KEEP US HERE TO DO ONLY YOUR BIDDING! IT'S UNFAIR!

YOU **MUST** DO AS ELMER SAYS! IT IS THE LAW OF OUR FRIENDSHIP!

HUSH! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! YES! NOW WE CAN PLAY OUR GAME AGAIN!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME, UNLESS YOU LET US HAVE OUR TIME TO OURSELVES NOW AND THEN...

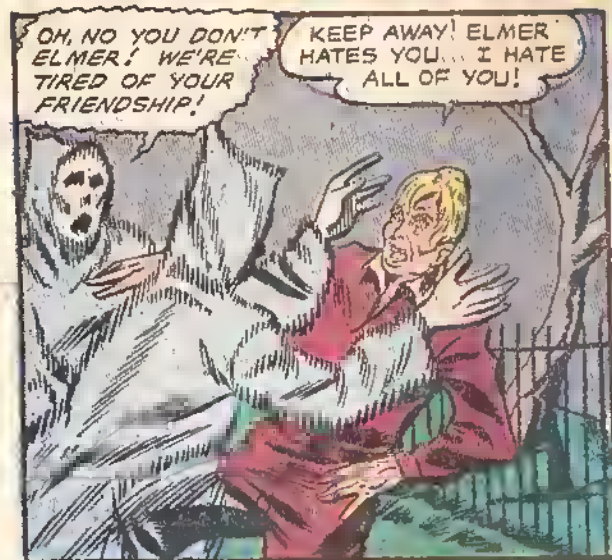


NOISES... PROBABLY JUST THE NIGHT BIRDS, SWEET THINGS! HOW LOVELY IT IS SO FAR FROM THE VILLAGE... LIKE ANOTHER WORLD...

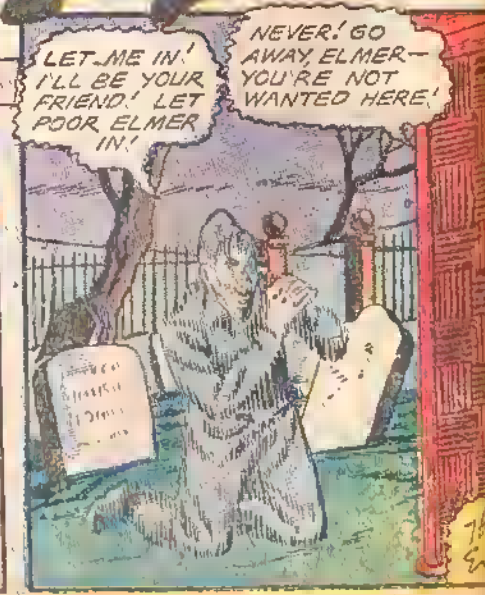
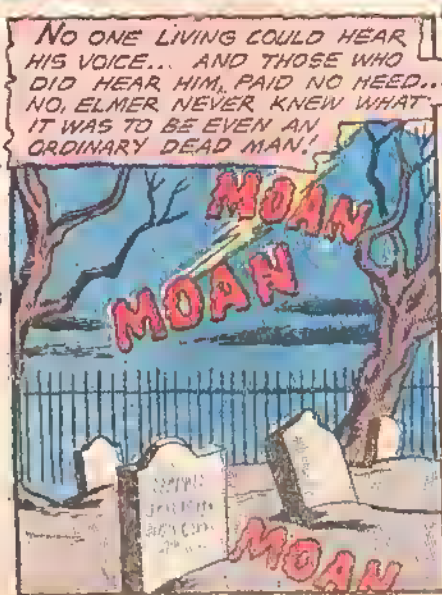
NO. SHE'S A YOUNG, INNOCENT GIRL! WE REFUSE! SHE IS NO GLORY TO US!

GET HER, I SAY! SHE'S FROM THE VILLAGE, AND ELMER HATES THEM ALL!



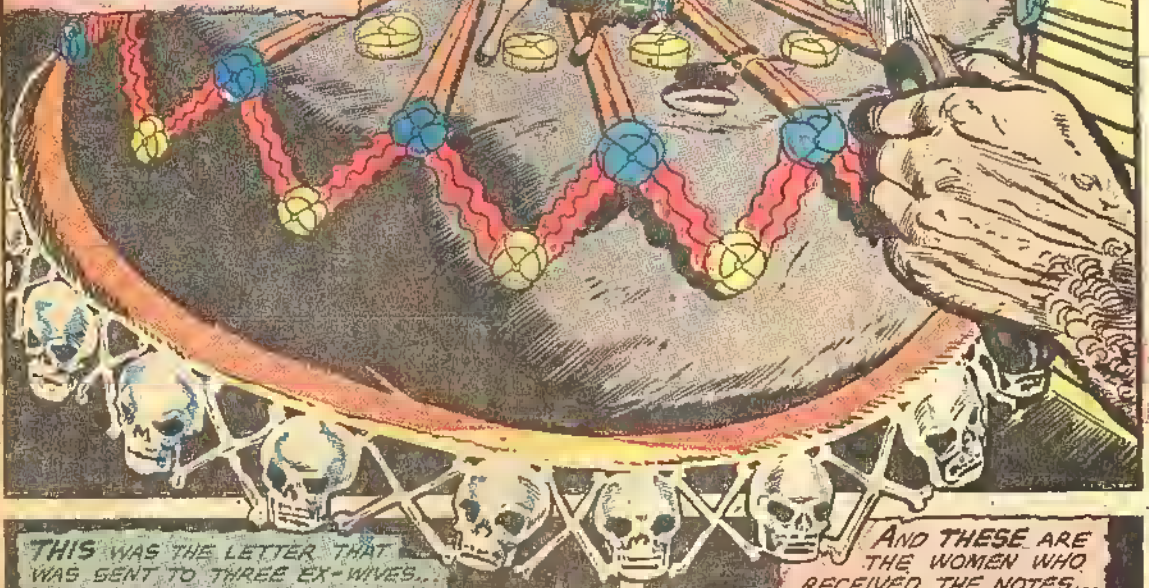


ELMER, TOO! WAS FOUND AND BURIED BY THE MYSTIFIED VILLAGERS... WITH HIM WENT THE REIGN OF DEATH AND TERROR... THOSE WHO WERE SUPERSTITIOUS TRIED TO FIND A LINK BETWEEN THE TWO... OTHERS SIMPLY FORGOT... BUT NOT ELMER...



ISLE of MAD REVENGE

ONCE UPON A TERRIBLE TIME THERE WAS A MAN WHO HAD THREE WIVES — AND HATED THEM ALL! ONE AT A TIME HE MARRIED THEM — ONE AT A TIME HE HATED THEM — AND ONE AT A TIME HE MURDERED THEM! SO BE WARNED — AS YOU READ THIS STORY, THE GOOSE-FLESH WILL CRAWL OVER YOU LIKE MAGGOTS OVER A CORPSE, AND YOU'LL DIE SCREAMING! READ ON, THEN, FOR THE WORST IS YET TO COME, AS YOU FIND OUT, ONE BY ONE, THE TERRIBLE SECRETS OF BANSHEE ISLAND...



THIS WAS THE LETTER THAT WAS SENT TO THREE EX-WIVES...

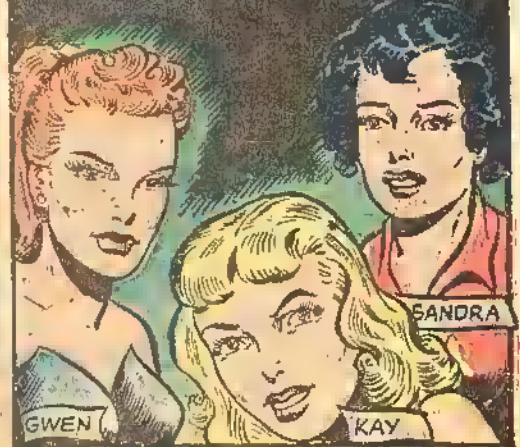
AND THESE ARE THE WOMEN WHO RECEIVED THE NOTES...

RICHARD EVANS
BANSHEE ISLAND,
MAINE.

TO MY FORMER WIFE: SEPT. 13, 195...

AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE BEEN ILL FOR A LONG TIME, AND NOW THE DOCTOR TELLS ME I AM DYING! IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE OF MY ESTATE, BE AT THE ISLAND THE AFTERNOON OF THE 15th.

RICHARD EVANS



THE STAGE IS SET! THREE WOMEN MEET ON A DOCK SOMEWHERE ON THE ROCKY COAST OF MAINE...

HERE COMES THE CRUISER NOW! I DON'T SUPPOSE DICK CAME ALONG!

NOT HIM! AS USUAL HE'LL OPERATE IT BY RADIO FROM THE ISLAND!

I WISH IT WOULD HURRY! THIS STORM WILL BREAK ANY MINUTE!

THE RADIO-OPERATED CRUISER GHOSTS UP THE DOCK...

A PERFECT LANDING! DICK ALWAYS WAS A WIZARD WITH THAT GADGET!

UGH - IT ALWAYS GAVE ME THE WILLIES! L-LIKE A GHOST AT THE WHEEL!

I HATE DICK AS MUCH AS ANY OF YOU, BUT HE IS A FINE ELECTRONICS ENGINEER!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE CRUISER, WITH ITS DOOMED CARGO, APPROACHES A SMALL ISLAND OFF THE COAST...

WELL, THERE IT IS! BANSHEE ISLAND!

WHERE I SPENT THE UNHAPPIEST HOURS OF MY LIFE!

BRRR - I ALWAYS HATED THAT NAME! AND THAT HORRIBLE SOUND THE WIND MAKES!

...AND SLIDES STEALTHILY UP TO A STONE JETTY...

NO SIGN OF HIM! JUST LIKE HIM NOT TO MEET US!

GIVE HIM TIME! HE'S PROBABLY STILL AT THE RADIO CONTROLS!

THAT RAIN IS COMING FAST! WE'D BETTER RUN FOR IT!

JUST AS THE STORM BREAKS IN A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR...

OH, MY NEW DRESS WILL BE RUINED!

IT WOULD HAVE TO STORM, AS THOUGH THE ISLAND WEREN'T SPOOKY ENOUGH ALREADY!

I'M ALREADY A LITTLE SORRY I CAME!

THIS HAS ALL THE LOOKS OF ONE OF RICHARD'S NASTY LITTLE TRICKS!

DARN! I'M ABSOLUTELY SOPPING!

AND STILL NO SIGN OF OUR DEAR EX-HUSBAND! BUT AT LEAST THE DOOR IS OPEN!

I KNEW IT WAS A TRICK! HE'S TRYING TO SCARE US!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE STUDY OF THE SILENT HOUSE, BUT THERE IS STILL NO SIGN OF THE HOST, RICHARD EVANS...

I WISH DICK WOULD SHOW UP! I'M GETTING THE CREEPS! THIS ISLAND...

THAT'S WHY I DIVORCED HIM, YOU KNOW! I COULDN'T STAND THIS PLACE!

AT LEAST HE WAS THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO BUILD A FIRE!

SUDDENLY...

THE L-LIGHTS! GONE OUT!

BUT IT COULDN'T BE THE STORM! RICHARD HAS HIS OWN POWER PLANT RIGHT HERE ON THE ISLAND!

I WARNED YOU! IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FIENDISH TRICKS! HE'S PROBABLY HIDING AND LAUGHING AT US!

TO OBTAIN THE FIRST WIFE, ENTERS A DARK AND SILENT KITCHEN...

AFTER A MOMENT...

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO STAND AROUND IN THE DARK! I'LL LOOK FOR SOME CANDLES IN THE KITCHEN!

I'LL LOOK UPSTAIRS! MAYBE I CAN FIND RICHARD!

HURRY! I D-DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE FOR LONG!

HMMM — DARK AS PITCH! BUT I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT WE KEPT CANDLES IN THIS CUPBOARD! I'LL JUST SEE!

GOOD! I REMEMBERED RIGHT! PLENTY OF CANDLES TO LAST, UNTIL WE CAN GET THE LIGHTS FIXED, OR FIND THAT STUPID EX-HUSBAND OF MINE — OURS!

AND TURNS TOO LATE...

BUT IN THE FLICKER OF THE CANDLE, GWEN SEES A DREADFUL SHADOW FORM ON THE WALL...

OH — THAT S-SHADOW! BEHIND M-ME! G-GOING TO...

RICHARD! NO — DON'T — EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE —



THAT WAS
G-GWEN!
THOSE
H-HORRIBLE
SCREAMS!

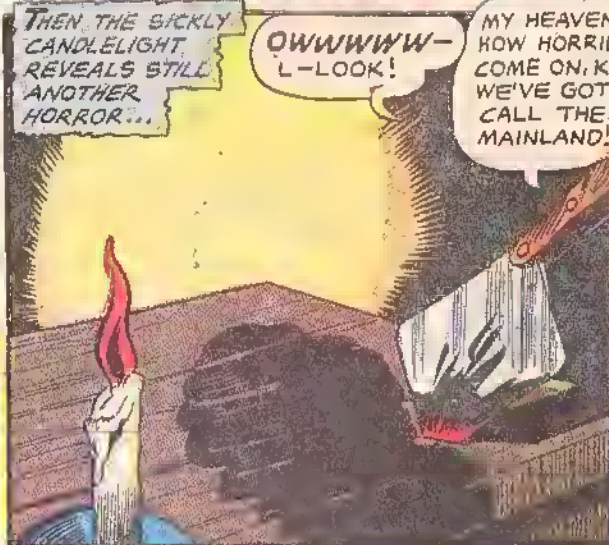
YES, BUT THEY'VE STOPPED
NOW! GWEN? ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT? CAN YOU
HEAR US, GWEN?



WHERE A GRUESOME
SIGHT AWAITS THEM...

AIEEEEEEEEEEE—
IT'S G-GWEN!
M-MURDERED!

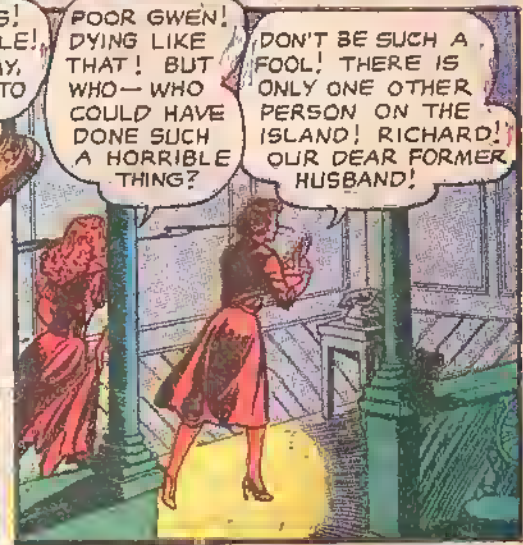
YES, DEAD!
AND I'VE GOT
A TERRIBLE
FEELING THAT
IT WILL
HAPPEN TO
US—UNLESS
WE'RE CAREFUL!



THEN THE SICKLY
CANDLELIGHT
REVEALS STILL
ANOTHER
HORROR...

OWWWWW—
L-LOOK!

MY HEAVENS!
HOW HORRIBLE!
COME ON, KAY,
WE'VE GOT TO
CALL THE
MAINLAND!



POOR GWEN!
DYING LIKE
THAT! BUT
WHO—WHO
COULD HAVE
DONE SUCH
A HORRIBLE
THING?

DON'T BE SUCH A
FOOL! THERE IS
ONLY ONE OTHER
PERSON ON THE
ISLAND! RICHARD!
OUR DEAR FORMER
HUSBAND!

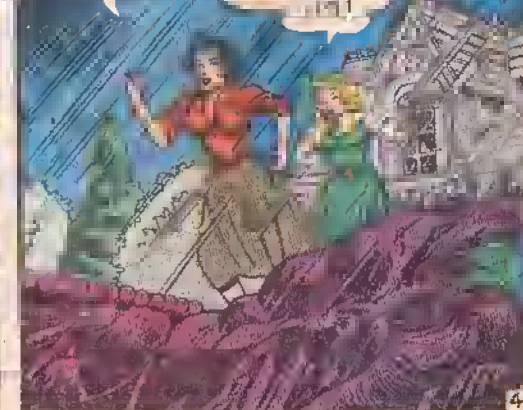


HELLO! HELLO!
OPERATOR? OH—
JUST WHAT I
WAS AFRAID OF!
THE PHONE IS
OUT OF ORDER!

YOU MEAN WE'RE
ALONE ON THIS
TERRIBLE ISLAND
WITH A LUNATIC?
HE'LL K-KILL
US NEXT!

WE'VE GOT A
CHANCE IF WE
HURRY! WE MUST
GET TO THE BOAT!
I KNOW HOW TO
OPERATE IT!

I KNEW I SHOULD
NEVER HAVE COME
HERE! THAT NOTE
WAS JUST A DECOY!
HE HATED US ALL,
AND NOW HE'S OUT
TO MURDER



AS THE TWO FEAR-CRAZED WOMEN NEAR THE LITTLE DOCK, THEY HEAR A STRANGE SOUND...

LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! LIKE THE SOUND OF A MOTOR—A BOAT MOTOR!

NO! PLEASE JUST LET IT BE THE NOISE OF THE STORM! IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE BOAT, I'LL GO M-MAD! I CAN'T STAY ON THIS ISLAND!

AND EXPERIENCE ANOTHER SHOCK...

G—GONE! WITH NOBODY AT THE WHEEL! HE'S TRAPPED US!

YES! THE RADIO CONTROLS! AND THERE'S T-TWENTY MILES OF WATER BETWEEN US AND THE MAINLAND! OH! I'M—(SOB)—SO FRIGHTENED!

WHOOOO—OOOO—
HOOOOOO—
EEEEEE—

AS THE WIND RISES, THE TWO WOMEN HEAR ANOTHER AND MORE TERRIBLE SOUND...

OH! PLEASE, NOT THAT! NOT NOW! THAT H—HORRIBLE LAUGHING SOUND!

HURRY! WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE WITH FOUR WALLS AROUND US!

THAT—(SHIVER)—AWFUL BANSHEE MOANING! WHY DOESN'T IT STOP?

NEVER MIND THE ROCK! THE NOISE WON'T HURT US! BUT RICHARD WILL IF HE CAN! AND HE'S PROBABLY WATCHING US AT THIS VERY MOMENT!

OH! D-DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! W-WHY WAS I EVER FOOL ENOUGH TO COME HERE?

IT'S ONLY THE BANSHEE ROCK! THE WIND—BLOWING THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE ROCK! BUT COME ON, WE MUST GET BACK TO THE HOUSE!

SANDRA, WIFE NUMBER THREE, PROVES HER LEADERSHIP IN THIS TERRIBLE TIME! SHE TAKES CHARGE OF THE NEARLY HYSTERICAL KAY...

THE B-BODY AND HEAD ARE STILL IN THE KITCHEN, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM! NOW WE'LL GO UP TO MY OLD ROOM AND LOCK OURSELVES IN UNTIL MORNING!

YOU'RE SO B-BRAVE! I WOULDN'T HAVE DARED TO GO INTO THAT KITCHEN!

I WASN'T COMPLETELY A FOOL! SEE! I BROUGHT THIS LITTLE TRINKET WITH ME JUST IN CASE! IF THAT CRAZY EX OF OURS TRIES ANYTHING ELSE...

A PISTOL! OH, THAT MAKES ME FEEL A LITTLE BETTER!

THE TWO FRIGHTENED WOMEN GO UPSTAIRS TO THE BEDROOM WHERE AS RICHARD EVANS' THIRD WIFE SANDRA HAD SLEPT...

THANK GOODNESS THESE SHUTTERS ARE GOOD AND STRONG! HE CAN'T GET IN THIS WAY!

THIS BOLT IS STOUT, TOO! I USED TO LOCK MYSELF IN THIS ROOM WHEN HE HAD A CRAZY SPELL!

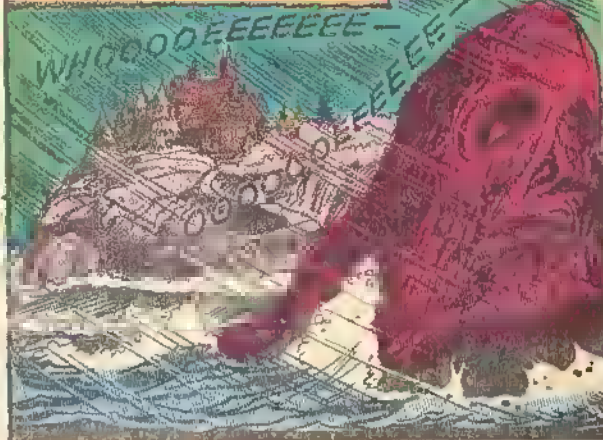


TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP, KAY! I'LL KEEP WATCH! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

THANKS! I AM DEAD ON MY FEET! YOU'RE NICE, SANDRA... AND TO THINK THAT I NEVER LIKED YOU BEFORE!

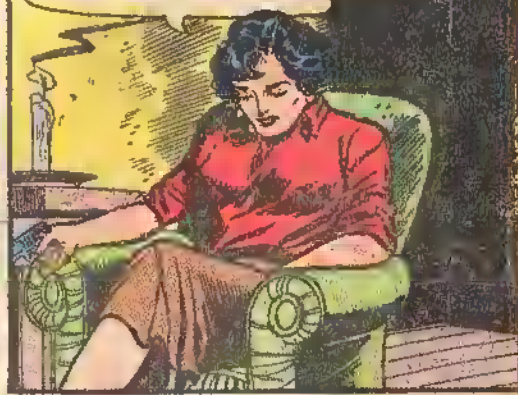


SO THE LONG NIGHT WEARS ON, THE RAIN LASHING AT THE OLD HOUSE, AND THE STILL RISING WIND MAKES WEIRD SOUNDS AROUND BANSHEE ROCK...



WHILE IN THE HOUSE, DEATH PATIENTLY WAITS UNTIL SANDRA BEGINS TO NOD...

OHH—SO S-SLEEPY! CAN'T STAY AWAKE! BUT M-MUST! I, UH—ZZZZZZZZ—



AND THEN...

HEH-HEH! FOOLS! THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD— (CHUCKLE)— OUTWIT ME! HEE-HEE! FIRST GWEN, MY FIRST WIFE! NOW KAY, MY SECOND...



UGH— GGGGGGGG—

HA-HA-HA! HEE-HEE— GOT YOU!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SOMETHING AWAKENS SANDRA WITH A START...

UHH—MUST HAVE DOZED OFF! BUT I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! KAY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



HMMM—SHE LOOKS A LITTLE QUEER! FUNNY! ANYWAY IT'S HER TURN TO STAND GUARD! KAY! KAY, WAKE UP!

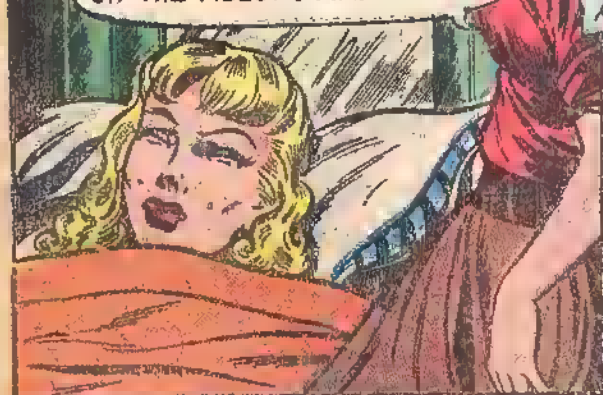


KAY, GET UP! IT'S YOUR TURN—OH, NO! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE—



A GRINNING HORROR LIES ON THE PILLOW...

D-DEAD! J-JUST LIKE GWEN! J-JUST HER HEAD ON THE PILLOW! AAAAAA—



HER HEAD SWIMMING WITH TERROR, SANDRA BOLTS FROM THE ROOM...

G-GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE! CAN'T STAY IN THE ROOM WITH THAT THING! I'M NEXT—UNLESS I CAN GET OFF THE ISLAND SOMEHOW!



FIRST GWEN, THEN KAY, NOW ME! AND NEVER A SIGN OF HIM IN ALL THIS TIME! I'LL GO MAD UNLESS I CAN GET OFF THIS ISLAND! AND THAT HORRIBLE MOANING FROM THE ROCK—DOESN'T IT EVER STOP?



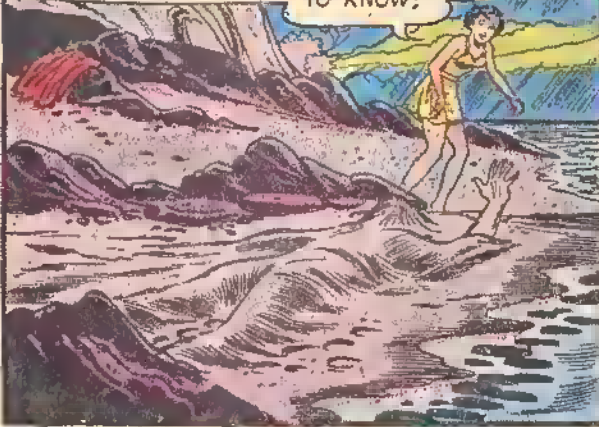
HER NERVES ON THE VERGE OF CRACKING, SANDRA REACHES THE BEACH! AND GETS A WILD IDEA...

M-MAYBE I CAN SWIM TO THE MAINLAND! I USED TO BE A STRONG SWIMMER, AND I MIGHT MEET A FISHING BOAT OR SOMETHING! ANYTHING IS B-BETTER THAN STAYING HERE!



BUT JUST AS SHE IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE WATER...

OH! SOMEONE B-BURIED IN THE SAND!
I'D BETTER LOOK! IF I DO EVER REACH
THE MAINLAND THE POLICE WILL WANT
TO KNOW!



THAT MADMAN! I WONDER HOW
MANY OTHERS HE'S MURDERED
ON THIS ISLAND! BUT WAIT—
THIS FACE!

EEEEEEEEEE!



AHHHHHHHHH—
YOU! NO—
EEEEEEEEEE!

YES, MY DEAR! NONE
OTHER! YOUR BELOVED
EX-HUSBAND, YOUR
DEAREST RICHARD!
COME TO ME!



SANDRA EVANS, THIRD WIFE, BEGINS TO
RUN, SCREAMING HER TERROR TO THE
LONELY ISLAND! TOO LATE, SANDRA,
TOO LATE...

NO, RICHARD,
PLEASE! NO—
DON'T, FOR—
GAAAAAAA!

BUT YOU WANT YOUR
INHERITANCE, SANDRA?
LIKE THE OTHERS!
AND THE INHERITANCE
IS—DEATH! HAH—
HAH—HEEE—
HEEEEE!



WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN THAT STORMY
MORNING, IT WASHES AROUND A GRISLY
THING...

HOEEEEEEEEEE—
WHOOEEEEEEEEEE—



LATER THAT DAY ON THE MAINLAND,
THE COAST GUARD FINDS ANOTHER
GRISLY THING...

HMMM—NAME WAS
RICHARD EVANS! PROBABLY
FELL OFF HIS BOAT! HOW
LONG WOULD
YOU SAY
HE'S BEEN
DEAD?

NOT LESS THAN
A WEEK! I'M
POSITIVE
ABOUT THAT!
UGG—A WEEK

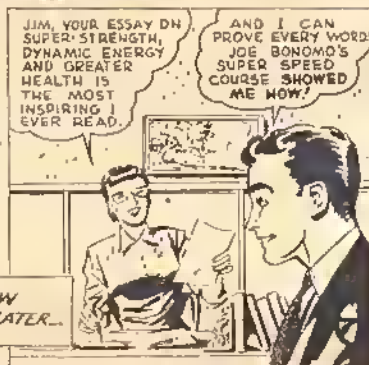
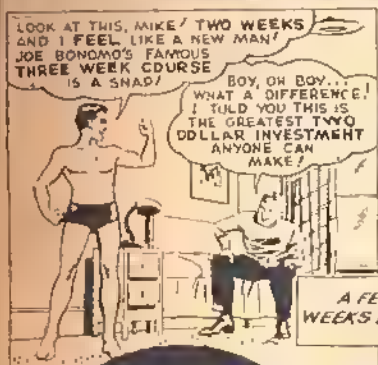
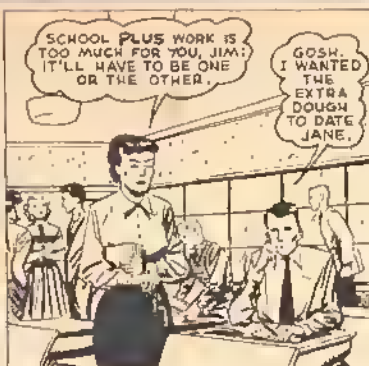
IN THE
WATER!



YOU SEE!
THE DEAD DO COME BACK...

THE
END

3 WEEKS AND \$1.98 MADE "SAD SLIM JIM" HEP!



Stop Wishing... GET STARTED NOW

ONLY \$1.98 NEW Wonder Course PLUS FREE

VALUE VALUE VALUE

FEATS OF STRENGTH

7 DAYS YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

LISTEN YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

NOW—Have a Walloped-Packed BODY OF SUPER STRENGTH, Dynamic Energy and Greater Health

JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS!

Fellows of all ages... who want to make a real success out of themselves... a New Life, Bigger and Stronger... HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's New and Complete THREE WEEK SPEED COURSE is priced to give you Real Value. Think of it? TWO DOLLARS AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT YOU NEED!

That Speed Course is written in plain, blunt, locker room language... Can Give You amazing results. Contains (1) Body Facts Lectures, (2) Muscle Charts, (3) Training Table Talks... GIVES YOU "Psycho-Power", "Rhythmic Progression", "Vibro-Pressure", "Tonic Relaxation"... The Big Four, Also Physical (P.D.) Development: Quotient... PLUS, inspirational Strongmen's Pictures to help wake up the Body of Youth.

Yes, for less than 5¢ a day... plus 10 minutes daily... you, too, can feed out about POWER—STRENGTH—GLOWING HEALTH—ABUNDANT VIGOR—DYNAMIC ENERGY. Get a Two-Fisted, All-Round Thrill in becoming a Real Man in Three Weeks! Wake Up! Toss Up! Build Up! Follow Mighty Joe Bonomo and make you start toward becoming a "Super Strongman!"

YOU'LL BEGIN TO ENJOY THE THRILL AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR MAN-SIZED NEW BODY THE FIRST DAY

JOLOLA SALES, LIMITED, BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.

In Canada
2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

SEND NO MONEY!

FEATS OF STRENGTH

STRONGMEN'S TRICKS & SECRETS

JOE BONOMO

SHOWS HOW THEY ARE DONE!

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

FOR BOYS & MEN OF ALL AGES

FREE

JOLOLA SALES LIMITED, BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y. IN CANADA 2382 DUNDAS W., TORONTO, ONT.

☐ Send me C.O.D. your Famous 'SPEED COURSE'. Be sure to include your free gift of the Strongmen's Manual 'Feats of Strength.' I will pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Prov. _____ Zip _____

☐ If you enclose \$2.00 we will prepay all delivery charges.

FREE OFFER

FEATS OF STRENGTH

FAMOUS Strongmen's Manual FREE • FREE • FREE WHEN YOU ORDER NOW!

Picture-Packed Pages on Strength feats Strongmen are Famous For... All Yours! Do you know how to (1) Break A Spike With Your Teeth? (2) Tear A Phone Book In Half? (3) Hold 4 Persons to The Air? (4) Drive A Spike Thru a Thick Board? (5) Break A Rock With Your Fist? See how these—plus many more—can be done.

OVER 100 DAZZLING GLOW-IN-THE DARK

CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS

\$1

postpaid

100% Safe
No Wires, No
Electricity

Hurry! Hurry!

Dazzling Christmas Tree Decorations

that sparkle by day and GLOW-IN-THE-DARK at night.
Entirely NEW . . . DIFFERENT.



Warning! This is regular \$2.98 value. To prevent wholesalers buying in big lots, we limit the offering — 3 packages only to a person. **HURRY, HURRY.**
Each piece has invisible hook to hang on the tree. Big life-like icicles, Prancing Reindeers, glistening frosty Snowmen and other novel eye-popping surprises.

Some
4 1/2" high.

SEND NO MONEY . . . Just Mail Coupon

JOLOLA SALES, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada: 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont., Can

- ☐ Prepaid Order
I enclose \$1.00. Send me the BIG surprise package of Dazzling Christmas Tree ornaments, fully prepaid, with no extra charges to pay.
- ☐ C.O.D. Order
I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

MONEY REFUNDED in 5 days if not COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Name

Address

City State
Zone Prov.

Made of
Lifetime
Plastic

IT'S EVEN PRETTIER AT NITE

